8-1945

The Cresset (Vol. VIII, No. 9)

Walther League

AUGUST, 1945

THE CRESSET

Faith in Education
by Paul M. Bretscher

Evensong

Bach and Handel

Liberty or License?

A REVIEW OF LITERATURE, THE ARTS, AND PUBLIC AFFAIRS

Vol. 8 No. 9

Thirty Cents

THE CRESSET

O. P. KRETZMANN, *Editor*

THOMAS COATES, *Assistant Editor*

The Cresset Associates: PAUL M. BRETSCHER, O. A. DORN, E. J. FRIEDRICH, O. A. GEISEMAN, THEODORE GRAEBNER, AD. HAENTZSCHEL, WALTER A. HANSEN, A. R. KRETZMANN, THEODORE KUEHNERT, W. G. POLACK, O. H. THEISS

Cresset Contributors: ALICE BENSEN, GEORGE BETO, ANNE HANSEN, KARL KELLER, ALFRED KLAUSLER, W. D. LOY, MARTIN WALKER

IN THE AUGUST CRESSET:

THE CRESSET is published monthly by the Walther League. Publication office: 425 South 4th Street, Minneapolis 15, Minnesota. Editorial and subscription office: 875 North Dearborn Street, Chicago 10, Illinois. Entered as second class matter November 9, 1940, at the post office at Minneapolis, Minnesota, under the act of March 3, 1879. Subscription rates: Domestic—One-year, $2.50; two-year, $4.50; three-year, $6.00. Canadian—Same as domestic if paid in United States funds; if paid in Canadian funds, add 10% for exchange and 15 cents service charge on each check or money order. Foreign—$2.75 per year in United States funds. Single copy, 30 cents.

THE CRESSET

VOLUME 8 AUGUST 1945 NUMBER 9

Notes and Comment

BY THE EDITORS

Liberty or License

WITH the passing of another Independence Day we are reminded again of the liberty which we Americans enjoy in this great land of ours, a liberty such as is found nowhere else on earth. There are still nations which deprive their citizens of all personal freedom of any kind. Everything, worship and work, the printed page and the spoken word, is closely regimented by the state. Other countries restrict freedom of opportunity through their rigid social levels. Still other countries have been unable to provide their people with economic freedom and hundreds of millions of people must eke out their lives always in the shadow of starvation, ignorance and disease, as in India and China. So are the bodies and minds of men enslaved in the greater portion of the earth.

But, among all nations where the very nature of their governments guarantees liberty of every kind to the individual citizen, the United States stands head and shoulders over all. Nowhere on earth can such liberty be found as in America, the land of the free. Its existence has been a beacon of hope to all oppressed peoples the world over, the focus of many longing eyes despite the deceptive propaganda of political leaders who would keep their people ignorant and enslaved.

How long this will continue is another question. For we cannot ignore the dangerous omens, the storm signals flying over our republic. You see, each individual liberty that we enjoy is threatened

by those who would turn it into license. Because we are free to worship as we wish, a great many Americans have misused that liberty to worship not at all. Because we are free to express our opinions, some have used that freedom of expression to distribute subversive ideas to the very downfall of the country that grants them that liberty. Because we are free to work at any lawful occupation we choose and better our economic status, some have used that freedom to organize monopolies which keep from many others the common blessings and conveniences they desire. The labor unions have been given a great deal of freedom but some of them have often shamefully misused it for their own personal benefit. The industrialists likewise have sometimes taken advantage of the liberty they enjoy to restrict trade for their own profit and the public loss. The record of our political parties in various localities is a dark page of license and the misuse of public confidence.

Should these trends continue unhindered, such license will most certainly destroy our national liberty. How can it be checked? When shall we learn to use our liberty aright? What shall prevent its degeneracy into license? The mere freedom of body through economic wealth is inadequate. The added freedom of mind and spirit through a free press, freedom of religion, and freedom of assembly will not guarantee it. But a freedom of soul will!

That is where you and I as Christians come in. It is our job to show all men how closely linked together these freedoms are. It is our job to inculcate by precept and example the whole freedom of man, body, mind and soul, as only the regenerative power of Christian faith can establish and secure it. We shall serve our country best as citizens always when we serve our God best as Christians. We are here to show Americans how to use liberty without license—and we can, not by conforming to the world, but by transforming them in the same manner as we have been transformed. That is true Christian citizenship.

When Peace Comes

AFTER the present hostilities are ended, "the nation will have an expanded industrial plant, a larger labor force, and increased technical knowledge. Together, these provide the technical basis for a high standard of living. . . . An economy of expansion will stimulate constant improvements in products and production meth-

ods." This is quoted from the report to Congress by the sub-committee on War Mobilization. This report includes a listing of 1,400 items of wartime technological developments. Among these are the following, as given by the *New York Times:*

An improved self-cleaning nozzle is used in new equipment to fog-drench aluminum alloy parts as they come out of the heat-treating furnace. A machine tool has been designed which will drill thirty-two holes in an airplane engine crankcase in twenty-five minutes. Torch-welding has been speeded up by means of an apparatus which leaves the welder's hands free to hold the torch and the welding rod. An electronic device detects pinholes in metal strip and marks defective sections for rejection. A mobile oil refinery has been purifying crankcase oil from more than 1,000 military vehicles a month during the last three years.

Waste liquors from paper mills and other industrial plants, as well as sawdust, straw, cornstalks and other farm wastes, contain sugars which are now converted into alcohol. A new chemical process reclaims rubber in twelve hours instead of the former twenty. Small tubular rivets of plastic are as satisfactory as their metal counterparts for such uses as bookbinding. Hardwood, cross-grained and bonded to leather under pressure by means of a plastic, has been used in making women's shoes. Prefabricated houses with "packaged" kitchens, bathrooms and heating units and durable plastic or plywood walls have been delivered and "welded" on the site by techniques now used in shipbuilding. Small passenger planes which are convertible into automobiles have been designed.

Will we have the wisdom to work together so as to make these new developments mean an era of prosperity, or will there be bickering between capital and labor and agriculture until we are thrown into a period of hard times? That is a question that must be answered soon if the process of reconversion from wartime to peacetime economy is to go forward.

Wanted: An International Language

UNDER this caption, the *New York Times* recently discussed the need of a common language "if the results of research are to be made promptly and readily available" to all nations. Because of the growing importance of English and American universities, English has been suggested as the auxiliary international language. Others have suggested Basic English. However, the *Times* points out that Basic English has "no flexibility because of its restricted vocabulary. . . . It ceases to be basic as soon as scientific terms are introduced." The *Times*

puts forth the following translation test for Basic English:

If preliminary tests have shown the presence of non-volatile organic compounds or oxalic acid, the filtrate from the hydrogen sulphide precipitate is evaporated to dryness with concentrated nitric acid, and the residue slowly ignited until no more tarry-smelling fumes are evolved. The residue is then digested with concentrated hydrochloric acid and boiled. Phosphoric acid is then tested for with ammonium molybdate solution. Phosphoric acid is removed by evaporation of the hydrochloric acid-free solution with concentrated nitric acid after the addition of metallic tin in the form of tin foil or else of granulated tin.

The writer in the *Times* concludes:

It may be that the trick of translating this into Basic English can be performed. If so, equivalents for such words as "volatile," "residue," "digested," "concentrated," "evaporation" and "granulated" will have to be invented.

Alcoholism

ACCORDING to a statement by Dr. Joseph B. Kendis, a member of the staff of the Jewish Hospital in St. Louis, there are 600,000 alcoholics out of 40,000,000 drinkers in our country, and the ratio of women alcoholics is increasing in astounding proportions. Formerly the ratio of male alcoholics to female was four-and-one-half to one; now it is two to one. These statements of Dr. Kendis were made at the third anniversary dinner of the Alcoholics Anonymous group of St. Louis. This organization has as its objective the aiding of alcoholics to break themselves of the liquor habit. However, as laudable as the purpose of this society may be, it alone cannot solve the problem presented by the above figures. It is a national problem. It is a problem for our schools and our churches. We need a program of education in our schools to instill into our children the principles of temperance. Most of all we need the dynamic of the Christian religion to give the individual the power to overcome the weakness of his flesh. We know by bitter experience that nationwide prohibition is not the solution of the problem. Will our churches rise to meet the challenge by the power of the Word of God?

Our National Health

OUR country can look back upon the years since Pearl Harbor as years in which the nation enjoyed exceptionally good health. In spite of the shortage of doctors to serve the civilian population,

there have been no serious epidemics such as the influenza epidemic in the closing year of the last war.

Yet there are conditions that must be remedied before we can pride ourselves on being a nation of physically fit persons. A national health survey shows that more than 23,000,000 have a chronic disease or a physical disability. The Senate's sub-committee on wartime health and education recently reported that from Dec. 7, 1941, to Jan. 1, 1944, the average male worker lost annually 14 days and the average female worker 13.3 days because of sickness and injury. If we remember that of the 22,000,000 men of military age between eight and nine million were found to be unfit for service, it is evident that we are not as physically fit a nation as we could be if medical care and health service were distributed to all classes of our society fairly equally. This does not mean that we favor socialized medicine after the war, but it does mean that we hold that every effort should be made, even if it requires Federal subsidies, to make public health services and medical care available to all our people everywhere. Both national and state health agencies should be strengthened and, if necessary, expanded, so as to be adequate for the needs in all parts of our land.

The University, a Political Force

EMIL LUDWIG, in his book *The Moral Conquest of Germany,* strongly berates German universities for their impotence in protesting against the manifest wrongdoing of the German government. To his mind universities, as intellectual centers, should provide the core of resistance against all political evil. Has that been the case with American universities? Are they the watchdogs of the republic?

In our opinion the faculties of state universities are just as tongue-tied and muscle-bound in political matters as their European colleagues. They dare not express themselves wholeheartedly for or against any burning political issue lest they jeopardize their position and career. Witness the case of Dr. Homer Rainey and the University of Texas last fall. Professors of institutions controlled by the State are expected to mind their own business, tend to their own particular field of study and keep their noses out of politics. If they speak out against an unpopular subject in their locality, they forfeit their jobs.

The faculties of more independent universities are given greater freedom, but they, too, must keep in mind their various Boards of Control, their patrons and donors. To offend these is to

alienate their support, to lose endowments and scholarships, and that loss cannot be tolerated.

As far as we are concerned many of the unhealthy features of our present government, the gradual centralization of power, the trend toward socialism had its root in our universities and has been promoted by faculty members drawn into federal service. These have done our democratic heritage no service. Beyond that, it seems to us that the political power of our universities is as negligible here as anywhere else. And it will continue to be thus as long as professorships are a matter of bread and butter.

We are not ready, therefore, to regard the university as powerful a political element as Mr. Ludwig does, nor to consider them per se as the potential safeguards of the people's rights. Whether they should play such a role or not is another matter.

A Wise Hero

GENERAL DWIGHT D. EISENHOWER is a great soldier and a modest gentleman. He is a hero and a man of wisdom. His influence is great in our land; it is great throughout the world. General Eisenhower abhors war and the multiplied tragedies that invariably result from war. He is a man of peace; but he is sure that there can be no lasting and genuine peace in the world unless the nations, great and small, learn to co-operate with one another in a friendly way. He knows and states that no country can isolate itself from the rest of the globe. If the United States, Great Britain, the Soviet Union, China, France, and every land which has experienced the unspeakable horrors of World War II will heed his words of warning and will strive with a will to settle all differences in a spirit of friendliness, many of the seeds of war which are now being sown here and there will rot in the soil. Unfortunately, some of the mighty statesmen of our time are not endowed with the vision and the penetrating wisdom of General Eisenhower. It is necessary, therefore, for those men and women, in high places and in low places, who see eye to eye with General Eisenhower to lift up their voices persistently and emphatically against all those who are selfish to the core, who trample man's inalienable right to freedom into the dust, and who rattle the saber day in and day out. General Charles de Gaulle, Marshal Stalin, and some other high-placed leaders could learn many a profitable lesson from General Eisenhower. Will they do so? Or will they be too proud to follow the paths of wisdom and understand-

ing? It is true that Christ declared that there will be wars and rumors of wars as long as the world endures; but not once did He say that we should not do all in our power to prevent wars.

Shall Mercy Temper Justice?

WHO are the war criminals? The Nazi and Nipponese leaders or the German and Japanese nations?

The horrible atrocities committed by certain Nazis and Japanese have incited the fury of the American people and their allies. This naturally accounts for expressions which one hears and reads about guilty races and severe punishment of defeated nations.

Americans with this attitude do not realize that they are, perhaps unconsciously, echoing the philosophy of Hitler. Their view is but another version of the Nazi doctrine of inferior and superior races or nationalities—Jews and Teutonic Aryans.

We dare not lose our heads and become hysterical. We must remain calm and objective. Justice demands that criminals be punished and that none of the guilty escape. At the same time it must be realized that criminals are individuals and not entire nations. Chancellor Hutchins of the University of Chicago severely lashed the idea that a vindictive course of action should be taken against all of Germany and all of Japan. He warned that we do not disregard the principles of mercy and justice as did some of Lincoln's successors in their treatment of the South after the Civil War.

It is refreshing to observe that not only leading churchmen, but also prominent educators and other profound thinkers, such as Dr. Hutchins and others, raise their voices in defense of the great principle of justice seasoned by mercy which was expounded and exemplified by Jesus.

Jobs for Men First

THE decrease in the production of war materials has begun. Some plants have by this time laid off a considerable number of workers. Will the unemployment problem confront us again when full conversion to peace-time industry has taken place?

The returning veteran expects a job. Henry Wallace wants to see 60,000,000 workers provided with jobs after the war is over. Some believe Henry's figures a bit fantastic. Be that as it may, economists still believe in the recurrence of the business cycle after World War II, and hold that un-

employment will be one of our major postwar problems.

In order to play fair with our returning veterans and those men who as heads of families and households have the responsibility of providing for their dependents, it seems but reasonable to expect that the employment of such men be given preference over the employment of women. This is not to imply that women are unfit to hold jobs. On the contrary, it has been proven that women are quite efficient in industry, and their response to take the places of men called from their work into military service has become a significant chapter in the history of this war.

We trust that before long industry will have fully reconverted to peacetime production. Then a large number of our income earning women ought also reconvert to their former occupation in the homes. This refers not only to working mothers of young children but also to such wives now working in factory, shop, and department stores whose husbands have incomes sufficient to provide for their dependents.

Will womanhood of America voluntarily retreat from the field of industry which under the pressure of war it has been urged to invade when it sees men standing in line waiting for jobs, or will industrialists have to be urged to discriminate against the employment of women when this condition arises? Our women are our home-makers. The rehabilitation of the deteriorating American home will, we trust, prove a challenge to American womanhood in the postwar era.

On Preserving the Peace

THE San Francisco conference is now history. How effective its plans and resolutions will be to preserve the peace of the world, only time will tell. One thing is certain: It will take more than military preparedness and more than military policing to maintain peace. "The problems of peace can be solved only," General Eisenhower recently told the world, "if all of us can find it within ourselves to be considerate and ready to give up something to meet the other fellow's needs." Or, as Mr. Harold J. Laski declared only a few weeks before the collapse of Germany, "We can cure this pathological Germany only by curing the pathological world order in which this disease has become so acute." Mr. Laski recognizes the need of providing a greater measure of economic equality for all people of the world than now exists.

All this sounds like echoes of the fourth article of the Atlantic

Charter, dated August 14, 1941, and signed on January 2, 1942, by twenty-six countries then at war with one or more of the Axis powers. The article reads, "They (President Roosevelt and Prime Minister Churchill) will endeavor, with due respect for their existing obligations, to further the enjoyment by all states, great and small, victor or vanquished, of access, on equal terms, to the trade and to the materials of the world which are needed for their economic prosperity."

Much has happened since August 14, 1941, and January 2, 1942. Germany has been completely defeated. The war criminals are soon to be tried. Japan is accelerating its doom. The reconstruction period has begun in Europe. Reconversion is already in process here at home. Yet the question raised by General Eisenhower is in place, "Can we find it within ourselves to be considerate and ready to give up something to meet the other fellow's need?" We believe we cannot find it *within ourselves*. We must look *outside* and *beyond* ourselves to be considerate and ready to give up something to meet the other fellow's need.

Fortunately, there is one to whom man may look for power to enable him to become considerate of others. Only in the measure in which larger and larger numbers of Christians in all countries of the world will give evidence of that power which determines their relationships to their fellowmen, will the problems of peace be solved.

Who's a Fascist?

SOME words in our day seem to have lost their meaning, and have become mere instruments in current smear campaigns. One such word is "Fascist." Mr. Henry Wallace and radical journals like the *Nation, New Republic,* and *PM,* have been especially fond of this epithet in attacking those who do not agree with their particular brand of economic and political philosophy.

Who *is* a Fascist, anyway? We heartily agree that rabble-rousers like Gerald L. K. Smith and Father Coughlin deserve that title. But things have come to a sorry pass when a man is called a Fascist just because he is a believer in the American free enterprise system, or because he does not belong to the "Russia can do no wrong" school. Some of the mud-slingers of the extreme left wing seem to feel that every adherent of traditional, pre-war Americanism is a "Fascist."

We must guard against the danger of *real* fascism, of course. But

it is equally important to guard and to warn against the perils of incipient communism. After all, these two un-American ideologies are blood-brothers. Both sound the death-knell of individual freedom. Why don't we hear more about that?

Meditation

"Except ye be"—have we forgotten the long ago?—
How can we be so stupid, dull, and slow?—
'Twas only He who never soiled the earth—
How can He come in glory here below?

"If with all your hearts"—His promises are sure—
What then?—Dear Lord, please help us find the Rule,
And when we've found it keep us true, not like Judas
Or the rich young ruler—they knew! they knew!

"And He shall wipe"—how can He bend so low?
It is because He loves us so—
He knows we never can repay His love!
To death He bent His holy head, that we might know!

—Esther Volk

The PILGRIM

"All the trumpets sounded for him on the other side." —PILGRIM'S PROGRESS

BY O. P. KRETZMANN

Evensong

TONIGHT, again, about sunset, the dark clouds came from the West and the rain fell. . . . During the early part of summer the nights are clear and still in my town, but during July the showers of early evening come like a benediction at the end of sultry days. . . . Unlike the clouds of April and November, July clouds gather slowly. . . . The wind begins to touch the treetops and the world becomes a soft symphony of praise. . . . A late bird cries in the old pine beside the house and the cat seeks shelter under the porch. . . . My neighbor closes his windows against the coming rain. . . . Through the deepening night it comes, slowly at first, then in a gathering crescendo, on the just and the unjust, on fields that need it and lakes that are low, on roads and houses and trees and grass. . . . The impartiality of God. . . . Day after day, in endless turn, he touches a sullen world with life and death and clouds and stars and thunder, from morning to evening, from creation to judgment. . . . Only in Him can I understand even the coming of the rain on a July night. . .

With the July rains I know that the year has turned. . . . There will still be August with its ripening harvests, late this year, and long hours of sun and rain, but summer has moved into afternoon and the year is on the wane. . . . Only yesterday it was May and the world was young, with children playing in the welcome spring and men in gardens and the earth looking for the summer. . . . Now the days are already shorter and the hours of light wait sooner for the inevitable shadows. . .

The meaning of all this lies within us. . . . *"Pilgrim's Progress"* comes under my hand and I turn to Bunyan's magnificent description of *Vanity Fair:* "No new-

erected business, but a thing of ancient standing—Where are sold houses, lands, trades, places, honours, preferments, titles, countries, kingdoms, lusts, pleasures; and delights of all sorts as harlots, wives, husbands, children, masters, servants, lives, blood, bodies, souls, silver, gold, pearls, and what not—Where is to be seen at all times, and that for nothing, juggling, cheats, games, plays, fools, apes, knaves, rogues, thefts, murders, adulteries, false swearers: and that of a blood-red colour—Where are Britain Row, French Row, Italian Row, Spanish Row, German Row; and the like—Here the Prince of princes himself went through this town to his own country, and that upon a fair-day too; and the Chief Lord of the fair—Beelzebub, as I think it was—led him from street to street, and showed him all the kingdoms of the world in a little time; and would have made him lord of the fair, would he but have done him reverence—"

Now, while the July rain falls, I think that we must see the world as Vanity Fair before we can ever realize, deeply and surely, its impermanence. . . . The truth of the world's evil and the certainty of its momentariness are one. . . . Only men and women who believe that it is all good can believe that it will last one moment beyond the hour when God's harvest will be white. . . . And only those who see it truly as the fleeting fair of vanity, who walk down Sorrow Street through its very heart, seeing all that it is and all that it ought to be, can know its condition. . . . That it is forever under the pathos of Time. . . . That change and decay, the hope of May and the heat of July, the dying of August and the death of November, are the voice of God speaking, forever to the homing heart. . . . It comes to them through centuries of darkness, reaching down, particularly now at evening, through floods of high waters, through the mystery of the impartial rain and the returning sun. . . . And though they move in tumult, there lies around them the unchanging silence of the world of grace. . . . In which all evensong, be it the world's July or December, is always praise. . . .

Book Note

THE July selection of the Book-of-the-Month Club, Inc., *The World, the Flesh, and Father Smith* by Bruce Marshall, is probably the strangest choice in the history of that unpredictable organization. . . . The book, a novel only by a long extension of that elastic term, is the quiet, uneventful story of Father Smith practicing his profession as a Roman Catholic priest in non-Roman and

hostile Scotland. . . . He starts a pathetic little mission among the lowly, builds it up, goes off to war, returns to find another priest in his place, prays, preaches and teaches and finally becomes a canon as the bombs of 1940 fall on England. . . . The most important things in the book happen in Father Smith's soul. . . . His deep love for his Church, his unquestioning faith and obedience, his gentle humor, his tireless patience make him one of the most lovable and curious characters ever caught between the covers of a book. . . .

It would be interesting to learn what processes and forces were at work in the selection of this book for presentation to the American public. . . . Surely the members of the committee must have known that it presents Romanism in the most favorable light and that many cool American minds still have their profound misgivings over the growing influence of Roman Catholicism in America. . . . While it cannot be said truthfully that the novel is all propaganda, pure and not so simple, it is nevertheless certain that its selection must have been hailed with satisfaction in diocesan offices and chancelleries throughout the land. . . .

My doubts about the purity of the literary motives behind the selection of Mr. Marshall's book do not, of course, extend to the peculiar, intriguing quality of the story. . . . If it is propaganda, it is very good propaganda. . . . Father Smith steals into your soul with his generosity, selflessness and humility. . . . This is the way, you think, all preachers and priests ought to be—and if they were, the Church would be much stronger and the world much better. . . . In the tragic fact that they are not and that the Father Smiths, both in Catholicism and Protestantism, are few and lonely men, lies the secret, fatal weakness of modern Christendom. . . .

No review can adequately convey the warmth and charm of Mr. Marshall's simple story. . . . From a sermon: "The world was wrong to laugh at saints, Father Bonnyboat said, because the production of a saint was God's highest handiwork. To be a saint didn't mean being a weak namby-pamby creature who couldn't say boo to a goose; to be a saint meant loving God with one's whole heart and one's whole mind and doing, thinking, and saying all things to His greater glory. That was the only philosophy which could save the world, but it would never save the world because God Himself had said that His Kingdom was not of this world, but that did not mean that monks and nuns and priests were wrong in trying to be saints themselves and in encouraging others to try to be saints

too. Our Lord Himself had said that many were called but few were chosen, and that the vast supernatural machinery of the Church would have been worth while if in all time and space it had succeeded in producing only one saint. In the eyes of God it was the invisible victories in the human soul which mattered and not the great splashing news in the papers about politics and Sir Thomas Lipton's yachts." . . . Or this from a conversation with a worldly dowager: "In this country the Church is the Church of the poor, Lady Ippecacuanha, and on the whole I'm not sorry, since it tends to keep both clergy and people in the invigorating and spiritual and material conditions of primitive Christianity. In Scotland our bishops are not asked to meet visiting princes or to exchange courtesies with diplomats, and so they accept their episcopal dignity as God intended that they should accept it, simply and humbly, as a duty rather than a privilege. And our lay-folk, who know that it is easier for a camel to pass through a needle's eye than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of heaven, accept their poverty as a proof of God's love and offer up their slavings, their ticket-punchings, and their scourings as a psalm to His greater honour and glory. They are not very clever, most of them, it is true, but both the stupid and the intelligent have always crowded into the Church of God; it is the half-educated who have always been too proud to come in." . . . Mr. Marshall is a very intelligent man. . . . That last sentence sums up our twentieth century problem as few things I have ever read. . . . Our world, our generation, is only half-educated; and the shallow know-it-alls have always been the enemies of God and the Church. . . . Father Smith may be somewhat futile and his superiors may be dangerous, but his creator is a wise and discerning man. . . .

Willie and Joe*

THE background is a ruined town, desolate in the rain. . . . In the foreground are four weary men slogging through the mud. . . . Three of them are prisoners; the fourth is an American infantryman. . . . Except for their uniforms they are almost undistinguishable—all incredibly tired, dirty, wet. . . . In fact, the American looks worse than his prisoners. . . . The caption of the picture is a verbatim quotation from a news item in the American press: "Fresh, spirited American troops, flushed with victory, are bringing

*A review of "Up Front" by Bill Mauldin, 228 pp., New York: Henry Holt and Co., $3.00.

in thousands of hungry, ragged, battle-weary prisoners . . ."

This is the curious, fascinating quality of Bill Mauldin's 150 cartoons and 30,000 words which may, if they are seen by enough people, change America's view of war. . . . Except by implication and contrast this book has nothing to do with official communiques, the sonorous pronouncements of brass hats, the four freedoms, the San Francisco conference, the crowds cheering the returning generals. . . . This is the war of Willie and Joe, infantrymen, tired, dirty, griping; yet with a strange undercurrent of loyalty, not to ideas and ideals, but to one another, which carries them through the meanest business man has ever tried. . . . Willie and Joe will never be happy in the company of the super-patriots, the flagwavers, the gripers about the lack of meat and cigarettes. . . . For a long time to come they will bring to the American scene a bitter skepticism which ought to be healthful for the body politic. . . .

Mauldin's text is a surprise. . . . It cannot be read aloud in meetings of the Epworth League but it should be required reading for all who still feel that in some vague way war is an ennobling influence, that it can bring about a return to religion which the churches have been unable to do. . . . It is hard common sense. . . . The truth of his picture of war at the point where it is actually fought—where it narrows down to a struggle between Joe and Fritz in foxholes fifty yards apart—is evident on the face of it. . . . That picture is not beautiful—and the proverbial head-in-the-sand ostriches of our world should see it clearly. . . . And remember it. . . .

In the course of his 30,000 words Bill Mauldin takes a running shot at some activities on the home front which ought to make some faces red for a long time. . . . Take for example the incredibly bad taste of some of the ads ground out by the copywriters and layout people, safe and warm in their offices in New York, Chicago or Detroit. . . . Mauldin writes:

"I remember one lulu of a refrigerator ad showing a lovely, dreamy-eyed wife gazing across the blue seas and reflecting on how much she misses Jack. . . . BUT she knows he'll never be content to come back to his cozy nest (equipped with a Frosty refrigerator; sorry, we're engaged in vital war production now) until the Hun is whipped and the world is clean for Jack's little son to grow up in.

"Chances are that Jack, after eighteen or twenty months of combat, is rolling his eyes and making gurgling sounds every time the company commander comes around, so the old man will think he is battle-happy and send him home on rotation. Like hell Jack doesn't want to come home now.

"And when he does come home you can bet he'll buy some other brand of refrigerator with his demobilization pay, just to spite the Frosty adman.

"When Bing Crosby returned to America after his visit to the French front, he told reporters, according to one news dispatch, that entertainment is needed most by the dispirited troops of the rear echelon rather than by the front-line soldiers. Up there, it seemed to him, 'morale is sky-high, clothes are cleaner and salutes really snap.' The dogfaces who read that dispatch in the foxholes didn't know what front Bing was talking about.

"Please, God, don't let anybody become a lecturer on front-line conditions until he has spent at least a year talking to the combat men. Many of us over here have been trying to find out about the front for several years and we feel like anything but experts."

The book is not all gripes. . . . Although Mauldin emphatically disavows all interest in ideas, his comment on some of the basic problems of war and the returning soldiers are worth more than all the speeches, pamphlets, discussions and resolutions of the professional helpers put together. . . . Will the veteran be a "problem"? . . . "The vast majority of combat men are going to be no problem at all. They are so sick and tired of having their noses rubbed in a stinking war that their only ambition will be to forget it." . . . Or: "You don't become a killer. No normal man who has smelled and associated with death ever wants to see any more of it." . . . "The surest way to become a pacifist is to join the infantry." . . . How shall we meet them? . . . "They don't need pity, because you don't pity brave men—men who are brave because they fight while they are scared to death. They simply need bosses who will give them a little time to adjust their minds and their hands, and women who are faithful to them, and friends and families who stay by them until they are the same guys who left years ago." . . .

Personal note. . . . I don't know why, but the cartoon which seemed to sum it all up for me—all the sham and pain and truth of it—was the picture of Joe, wounded and weary, standing before the medical officer saying: "Just gimme a coupla aspirin. I already got a Purple Heart." . . .

Our most immediate—and permanent—problem

Faith in Education

By Paul M. Bretscher

"Faith in the possibilities of education is enormous." Many Americans share this observation made by Professor John Dewey some years ago. For many, education has become religion, and religion, education.

The Nazis furnished a striking instance of modern man's faith in the possibilities of education. When the distinguished Belgian Abbé Le Maitre visited the United States nine years ago, he told a small group of listeners that much of the success of the Nazi movement was due to the fact that Nazi leaders had reduced their philosophy to a few simple ideas which they taught the German people by means of every available educational agency until the masses of the people were so familiar with these ideas and so well-disposed toward them that they received, with little opposition, the rest of the Nazi program. The Abbé then said that unless the churches in Germany went to the same trouble to popularize the fundamentals of Christianity and to instill them into the masses of people, they would probably face the greatest persecution in history. That was nine years ago. Events in these past nine years have borne out the truth of the Abbé's warning. It takes only a very small organized minority with a clear objective and with potent educational agencies at its command to influence a mass of people for better or for worse.

There is, however, nothing essentially new in this present-day faith in the possibilities of education. Twenty-four centuries ago, Socrates, the wisest of Greeks in his day, boldly asserted that man could, through education, gain a true knowledge of himself and that he could, as a result of that knowledge, improve his character. He believed that a drunkard who had been educated to realize the debasing turpitude of drunkenness, would ever after refuse to become drunk.

Faith in the possibilities of edu-

cation has, since the days of Socrates, flowered periodically in every significant age of history. Men, following the teaching of Socrates, have frequently assumed that education was sufficient to bring about the good life and the moral improvement of humanity. Perhaps no textbook on the objectives of education has ever been written which did not, at least tacitly, grant that education serves, above all other considerations, moral ends. In the Roman Empire, Stoic philosophers taught that a knowledge of the natural law and of the natural rights of man as distinct from, and superseding, political and civil laws and rights, would necessarily reform the lives of Romans. In the period of the Renaissance and the centuries which immediately followed it, men believed that the new science discovered by Copernicus, Kepler, Galileo, and Newton would not only enlarge man's understanding of the universe but would also help to regenerate human society. Eighteenth century Deists and French Encyclopedists believed that a knowledge of natural religion, altogether divorced from revealed religion, and the dissemination of that knowledge by education, would not only establish right relationships between those who ruled and those who were ruled, but would also raise men to higher levels of morality. When Immanuel Kant affirmed the categorical imperative and the principle "duty for duty's sake" and thereby restored the legitimacy of the inexorable demands of conscience, he paved the way for that type of nineteenth century moral idealism which believes that a mere knowledge of moral concepts uninfluenced by religious beliefs, is adequate for improving the moral life of man. When John Stuart Mill proposed his doctrine of utilitarianism, he, at the same time, expressed a buoyant faith in the supreme efficacy of education, holding that there is no natural impulse which it cannot transform or destroy.

The Recent Past

BUT the observation of Professor Dewey, "Faith in the possibilities of education is enormous," characterizes especially the past half century. No one may deny that in this period education achieved greater triumphs than in any previous age in history. There are in our own country more schools representing all educational levels and interests, better prepared teachers, and a wider diversity of curricula than even as far-sighted an educator as Horace Mann could have envisioned a hundred years ago. Even now, when the War has halted educational progress and seriously interfered with the long-range ex-

pansion program of many richly endowed educational institutions, faith in the possibilities of education is nevertheless enormous. The federal government, state legislatures, city and community leaders, local and national education associations are considering, or have already adopted, pretentious and far-reaching plans for the furtherance of American education. Architects and draftsmen are working day and night to have blueprints ready for the erection of stupendous stream-lined educational centers as soon as the War Production Board allocates now critical building materials for civilian use. Everywhere, in all these endeavors, one discovers the desire of leaders to expand and improve American educational facilities not only for the purpose of promoting better health, of training for more vocations and more specialized professions, of better equipping American youth for constructive participation in democratic living, and of providing educational opportunities for returning veterans, but also for the good life, a life devoid of selfishness and self-glorification, a life genuinely interested in the welfare of others, in the future of our country, and in the improvement of international relationships.

Yet not all Americans share this unrestrained faith in the possibilities of education. Some are becoming increasingly skeptical of the possibility of moral education achieving lasting conquests unless that education is bolstered and buttressed by an education in specific religious beliefs. Some discredit the kind of religious education provided in the past by some churches and are proposing a thorough re-study of the administration and content of courses in religion. Others fully acknowledge what education has done in the way of developing and promoting science and technology, but are dubious of all other achievements of modern education. Some find themselves disillusioned at the attempt of American educators to train American youth for good citizenship in a democracy and believe that education has woefully failed to achieve this end. Some of these critics discredit American efforts to re-educate Germany, for they say, "If we have not succeeded to train our own citizens for the democratic way of life, how can we expect successfully to train a European people for democratic living which has been accustomed for centuries to take orders from princes, kings, emperors, and dictators?" There are those also who believe that in spite of our educational efforts to preserve our American democracy, we are irresistibly driven forward into the arms of a totalitarian

state. They point to Mr. Eric Johnston, president of the United States Chamber of Commerce, as having recently declared, "There is danger that our country may go totalitarian."

Our Moral Breakdown

LASTLY, there are those, and their number is increasing, who ascribe the breakdown of morals in our country in large part to our system of secular education. Certainly, no thoughtful American citizens may deny that present-day morals are in a bad way. The fact is that one out of every four or five marriages contracted in our country ends in divorce, and that two or three are held together by bonds no stronger than inertia and tradition. The birth-rate is declining almost as rapidly as people learn how to make it do so. The number of illegitimate children is increasing. The wave of delinquency which set in a few years ago, has grown into a devastating flood. Unwanted, neglected, and abandoned children are becoming the most serious problem in some large cities. Courts are impotent to halt the stream of derelict mothers who leave their children with neighbors, bartenders, strangers, while they drink and flirt their way into disaster. And all this, in spite of the fact that within recent years educators have introduced courses designed to acquaint the teen-age boy and girl with the "facts of life." One observes, finally, a wave of self-righteousness and hypocrisy sweeping the country which stands aghast at the atrocities committed in Nazi concentration camps and is horrified at the brutal treatment accorded American soldiers and civilians by Japanese, but which sweepingly declares a whole people a race of criminals, which unblushingly discriminates against Negroes and Japanese Americans, and which seems altogether untouched by the appalling loss of human life caused by tens of thousands of phosphorous bombs daily cascading down on workers' residence districts and destroying every living thing in the entire area affected. And why this shameful practice of supposedly respectable Americans to evade taxes, to chisel the government, and to conduct and patronize black markets when every educated American ought to have learned at some time in school the old Roman maxim, "The welfare of the state is the highest law," and ought therefore readily submit to those few unpleasant measures of the government which interfere with our still unparalleled high standard of living.

Men are offering many solutions to the many moral and social problems which face our

country and the entire world. Many have given up faith in present forms and practices of education. Many are despairing also of the ability of Christianity to provide a remedy. They believe Christianity to be in eclipse and to be going under with the passage of time. We are facing the strange phenomenon that millions of Americans are not so much hostile to Christianity as rather totally indifferent to it. They ignore it. Men are proposing a new dynamic to stem the tide of moral corruption. Distinguished economists and political theorists are suggesting a new social order, an order, if not communistic, at least one imbued with the faith of the early communists of a quarter century ago. Some are promoting this order with a zeal and determination which leads one to assume that they regard themselves messengers sent from heaven to proclaim a new kingdom of God. Yet it seems fair to observe that neither communism nor any other kind of socialism possesses a dynamic sufficiently potent and enduring to bring about a righteous nation, to stop the tide of delinquency, and to regenerate human lives. Regardless of how effectively sponsors of these forms of thought may use educational agencies to achieve their ends, they will not be able to establish a new Kingdom of God.

Christians have the only true solution to the basic problems of the world. They possess the only educational philosophy which can successfully import this solution into the hearts of men. It must be our concern clearly to recognize the problems which are, above all others, agitating the hearts of men and which lie at the root of war, crime, and delinquency. They are the age-old problems: Why should I live a moral life? What is the ultimate end of life? And what dynamic is there which I can employ to gain this end? We have the answers to these questions. We know that we are to live a moral life, not motivated by an enlightened self-interest, but because we love the Savior Jesus Christ who first loved us. We know that the end of life is not death and extinction but immortality and a bodily resurrection. We know finally that the individual who knows these answers to the basic problems of human existence, alone is qualified to contribute potently to the welfare of humanity and to the peace and security of the world.

Fortunately, the Church of Jesus Christ has particularly since the days of the Reformation recognized it as one of its chief tasks to promote a knowledge of the solution of men's basic problems through education. It has appreciated the great possibilities of

Christian education to bring men to a knowledge of sin as the greatest evil in the world, to a knowledge of Jesus Christ as the only Savior from sin, and to a knowledge of the Holy Spirit who alone supplies the dynamic which enables men to transcend their evil natures and to live as God's children. Indeed, faith in the possibilities of education, specifically Christian education, has been enormous in the churches of our country.

This must be a day of renewed consecration to the cause of Christian education. We need to enlist more students for Christian schools. We need to give these students a better Christian training than we have given them in the past. We need to imbue their hearts with a stronger faith in the possibilities of Christian education than any students of this school have achieved in the past. We need to implore God to arouse all members of the Christian Church throughout the world to share with us a stronger faith in the possibilities and blessings of Christian education. We need to multiply and expand Christian week-day parish schools and Sunday Schools. We need to develop and promote other agencies of parish education. We need to provide promotional and instructional materials for that vast field almost untouched by the churches and known as adult education. We need to establish thousands upon thousands of Christian high schools, and to promote and endow Christian colleges and universities. We need to employ every avenue of propaganda, the radio, the newspaper, the magazine, the movie, and other agencies, to acquaint American fellow-citizens with the process of Christian education provided by Christian churches. We need to teach men that only the dynamic of the Holy Spirit working in the hearts of men can truly build strong characters, restore shattered lives, bind the broken-hearted, release sinners from the prison-house of sin, establish security, peace, and good will among men, and help to unite the nations of the earth into one large family where each nation will honor and respect the other members of that family.

Never before in history has faith in the possibilities of Christian education been so enormous. Never before has this faith been so urgent. Never before has its outlook on a glorious future been more propitious.

THE ASTROLABE

BY

THEODORE GRAEBNER

THE GREAT MR. HANDEL

They spell his name that way in England. I suppose the *Umlaut* went out of Haendel" when he became a British subject in 1726. He had settled in London in 1712, his great art becoming the football of popular and royal favor but emerging with the triumph of *The Messiah* in 1742. He died in 1759.

When the British chose Handel's career as the subject for a motion picture, they followed the European pattern of accepting strict historical limitations. And there was little to go to work on. Handel had something of a temper in his rehearsals. He once threw a prima donna out of the window. Hollywood might have done something with that. In the English production it is just a flash of five seconds. What else? Handel had no love affairs, was not involved in court intrigue, did not gamble and was not a friend of strong drink. He just had his trouble with the public, the reviewers and royal patrons, but composed his *Messiah* when his fortunes were low and secured a smashing success and immortal fame. To accept the historical record without embellishment, yet discovering the dramatic values of much commonplace detail and making use of the most refined technique of motion picture production, has made *The Great Mr. Handel* a truly great film. It is being shown here and there in the small independent theaters specializing in foreign films. Don't miss it.

The Great Mr. Handel is done in the very perfection of technicolor. It tells an interesting story.

In one hour and forty minutes we followed the composer through a period of depression when his art went unrewarded; a friend brings him the score of an oratorio to be entitled *The Messiah;* his mind becomes engrossed with the project. He reads the texts from Isaiah, Micah and other prophets, and melodies begin to develop from under his fingers as he is seated at the harpsichord. He kneels down in prayer, asking the Lord's blessing upon his project. As, seated at his desk, he gazes out of the window, lost in thought, he has visions of the Savior, His humiliation and exaltation; and as his genius takes fire he composes without interruption, hardly allowing himself food or sleep, until in twenty-one days the immortal oratorio is completed. Then the triumph at Dublin and the homage of court and people when the oratorio was produced at Covent Garden in London the following year. Except for a slight condensation in the closing sections, the story is told most accurately and the total effect is one of spiritual elevation, triumph, and joy. Music from Handel's compositions played by the London Philharmonic Orchestra furnishes the background.

Another thought: What a breadth of appreciation both of humanity and art to produce a film glorifying a German at a time when German air power was doing its best to destroy England!

BACH AND HANDEL

The comparison suggests itself almost inescapably. They were contemporaries. Handel died in 1759, Johann Sebastian Bach, in 1750. Both were Protestants. Both were devoted to church music as the highest expression of their art. But while Bach's secular music—and most of his compositions were secular, at least non-religious—was altogether in the instrumental field (he composed no secular music for the voice) Handel produced more than forty operas before he entered the oratorio field. He was moving in the midst of British aristocracy, while Bach toiled in obscurity at the Thomas School in Leipzig. Someone has compared the two with Luther and Melanchthon, others with Goethe and Schiller. Whether they ever met each other in the flesh is uncertain; we know that they had no intimate personal relations. They stood at the gateway of two great areas of musical art, yes, of western civilization. Music had begun to set itself free from the control of Roman Catholicism. New themes, new media were available. It was a period

of rich and free unfolding of personal musical ideas and powers, reaching their climax in Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven. The creative powers of both Handel and Bach were placed under the discipline of the strictest execution of musical thought in every type of polyphony. More than Bach, George Frederick Handel is devoted to melodic beauty and the freedom of broad masses of tone. There are deeper distinctions, however, that dictated also the selection of text and theme. With incomparable delicacy and perfection, Bach discloses to us the depths of a mind which has passed through repentance to joyous faith and the life of the spirit, never ceasing to exalt the love of God which was revealed in the work of His Incarnate Son. Handel's oratorios, in spite of their much simpler mechanism, carry us with magnificent power into a contemplation of world and sacred history, a herald of that divine power, wisdom, and righteousness which controls the destiny of nations. Keep these distinctions in mind and you will understand why Handel is appreciated in wider circles—no one has to acquire a "taste" for "I Know That My Redeemer Lives" or the "Hallelujah Chorus"—while the deeper appreciation of what is greatest in music concedes the palm to Bach. In the field of sacred music, immortal laurels to Handel, the crown to Bach.

SIGNIFICANCE OF ADOLF HITLER

It has been the habit of this column to dip into the stream of contemporary journalism and lift out the phrasing of contemporary judgments which may lay claim to some distinction and possibly to some more than ephemeral interest. The kind of phrasing and diction that springs hot from the anvil of modern life and expresses the spirit of the age. Out of the judgments on the Fuehrer, expressed in connection with V-E Day, a few have emerged which merit a better fate than being sent to the old paper merchants with the rest of the stuff dug out from our basements. Louis P. Lochner was with the United States Seventh Army when the news broke. His comment was: "Hitler is one of the strangest personalities in history." He points out that few newspaper correspondents serving in Germany during the days of the struggling Weimar Republic could have imagined that Hitler, the rabble-rousing former corporal and one-time Austrian house painter, would one day "play a role in history comparable to that of a Nero, a Caesar, a Genghis Khan, a Napoleon, or an Alex-

ander the Great." Then he continues: "In a measure he surpassed all these earlier devotees of carnage and conquest. For it can be said that no single man in the entire history of mankind brought misery to as many human beings as did Der Fuehrer of Greater Germany."

"By that statement," Lochner continues, "I do not desire to put Hitler down as a more cunning or brilliant or diabolically capable man than the dictators before him. The simple facts in the situation, however, are that Hitler was born in an era of mechanical inventions the like of which history has hitherto not known.

"Through the radio he could reach more mortals than any world figure before him. With the airplane he could contact personally more groups of people than any campaigner preceding him. By the mechanization of warfare his troops could cover more ground than any Army of World War I. Through the development of the science of explosives his mechanized forces could carry death and destruction over wider areas than had been possible to earlier exponents of *Schrecklichkeit.*"

In conclusion Mr. Lochner declares that during his long stay in Germany he was never able to explain to his own satisfaction how the strange phenomenon could acquire the hold on the German people that he did.

IN London the traditionally conservative Times—which normally devotes its front page to advertising matter—broke with precedent by printing on page one the headline, "Hitler Dead." Editorially, the *Times* observed that "few men in the whole of history, and none in modern times, have been the cause of human suffering on so large a scale as Hitler."

The *Daily Sketch* said, "One of the most evil men who ever lived has passed into darkness, and the earth is purer for his departure."

The *Daily Telegraph:* "The disappearance of the figure which to millions of human beings has been the incarnation of fear and horror makes the world a cleaner, sweeter place."

The *News Chronicle:* "The man whose evil genius brought fear, violence and sorrow to tens of millions of homes has been removed from the scene of his crimes without trial and without ceremony."

The *Daily Herald:* "It is for democracy to insure that no such movement shall recur. If it does, the movement may find its man, and he may be cleverer than Hitler."

THE SANDBAEK ODYSSEY

Some day the story will be written of the part which Lutheran churchmen, in their performance of pastoral and official duties, played in the preservation of the spirit of freedom during the Nazi occupation of Europe. The name of Pastor Niemoeller is a household word today and also Bishop Berggrav of Norway has attained front-page space in the world's press. But there are other Lutheran leaders who escaped with little else than their bare skins from the hands of the Gestapo, and now relate some of the most unbelievable chapters of this era. I refer to the example of the spectacular escape of Bishop Fjellbu, the man who in February, 1942, was cast into prison when thousands of his congregation gathered at a forbidden service held in Lutheran Cathedral and held their own service outside when Nazi police barred his entrance. He relates that the Germans proceeded rapidly from polite behavior to ferocity and that conditions were "very bad," even in the extreme portions of Norway. Dean Fjellbu was born in Iowa, where his father was pastor of a Norwegian community.

But the most spectacular escape of all was staged by Pastor Harald Sandbaek of Jutland, Denmark. He was interviewed by a correspondent for the *New York Times,* whose wireless story sent from London reads as follows:

A slim, spectacled man, Pastor Sandbaek relates his adventures shyly in halting English, putting into the record with exaggerated understatement one of the most incredible chapters of the war in the North. For he was almost literally blown out of the hands of his captors by bombs from an RAF Mosquito plane that arrived just as his torturers were resuming the "third degree" from which he had a brief respite.

Seized for underground activities in which he was a leader, he was cross-examined for thirty-nine hours consecutively in early September of 1944, he stated, and brutally beaten after the discovery of a letter and a map in the possession of his band of ten men. Three times thereafter he was stripped and whipped by the Gestapo in attempts to force a confession of his resistance work.

On October 31 he had been summoned to a third floor room in the university at Aarhus, which was Nazi headquarters, and questioning had just begun when two detonations were heard. The Nazi officers fled, leaving him unmanacled for the first time since his arrest.

The university building was razed and the cross-examiners all killed by the next bomb, Pastor Sandbaek related. He ran to the left as they ran to the right. Two rafters falling across him as the structure collapsed saved his life.

He has since told the full story of the attempts made by Quisling and his followers to enslave the

Lutheran Church of the Scandinavian North.

PEACE ENVOY VOLUNTEERS

"Dear Astrolabe:

In an editorial in THE CRESSET recently, I noticed your ad for a peace envoy. Well, I was about to say: "Quit looking. I'm your man." I am an unknown. One of the little people. No, not the forgotten man, not quite, because doesn't my Uncle always send after me to file my return? Also, wasn't I a little number in a small capsule in a big goldfish bowl down in Washington several years back? Among other qualifications, in a rather mediocre way, my income is an unknown quantity, too. Nevertheless, I try to be a Christian and apply my beliefs to voting, living up to bond drives, blood-letting, and rationing and that is no simple task.

Now after this world has been sort of run into the ground by all the big power politicians, bigwigs and high muckymucks, why don't they give us a whirl—us average small fry? It seems as though we, who have so much at stake in sacrificing our lives, our fortunes, and our sacred honor ought to have a little say, doesn't it? Not that we want to usurp the place of the orchestra conductor to put the big horns in their places, nor to toy with the throttle and let off steam as engineer of the big United Nations Special Unlimited, but we really should begin to throw our small pea-weight around under the shell before we again get palmed under somebody's thumb or vanish up the sleeve of some strong-arm. Since bridge experts, movie actors, etc., come out with peace plans, world federations and what not, why shouldn't some representative hoi of the hoipolloi presume to speak? This isn't a case of saying with Absalom, "Oh that I were made judge in the land. . . . and I would do him justice," but isn't now the time for all good men to come to the aid of their party, the party in the human race whom it most concerns, the small average man? They say there is nothing so powerful as an idea whose time has come. Maybe we're a little slow in gaining momentum but the basic idea is beginning to rattle around in a lot of small, average skulls.

We want, we little guys of every country, to be left alone to live beside our fig trees, under which is parked the family flivver, and if somebody's honor has been so abused that they want to make something of it, why, I guess it could be arranged for us to let the Big Guns fight it out person to person at Soldiers Field or the Dust Bowl and we will come and bring our lunch and make a day

of it and watch them at, say, 75c per head, giving the proceeds to rehabilitate the countries they overran in the past. (I anticipate a dull, boring show.) If some nation isn't getting enough of this world's goods or needs more *Raum* to roam around in, maybe we could even find enough land left over on this globe somewhere to accommodate them. Many of us small, average people would like to see something constructive worked out along these lines.

Well, I say, I was about to offer my services but there came a commotion in the backyard. It seems a neighbor's bad boy, committing foul language and backed up with the power politics of a flying rock, devil-controlled for accuracy, hit another neighbor's little boy, and one of mine was a witness. So it seems I have a matter of aggression, territorial violation, propaganda, and countercharges (from the hittee's mother), and I fear the innocent bystander is going to catch something before the border incident is subdued and further hostilities are avoided.

So, I guess you will just have to hold the job open a little longer, pending outcome of these negotiations.

Very truly yours,

M.W.S."

Prayer of a Poet

Your fingers tool the snow
And shape the raindrop on the leaf.
You set the fading bow
And make grain golden for the sheaf.
You paint the reaching skies
And hold the farthest star in place.
You dip the earth in dyes
And spin the clouds, weave shadow lace.
Dear God, You know the way
Of beauty, how to make the world alight
And music of the day
To shine along the steeper paths of night.
Dear God, I pray this thing:
Teach me beauty . . . . oh, let me sing!

—Helen Myrtis Lange

Music AND MUSIC MAKERS

Some Treasured Recordings

[CONTINUED]

BY WALTER A. HANSEN

Have you ever listened to lively discussions about pianists—particularly when pianists talk about other pianists? Have you seen the fur flying in all directions? Have you smelled the brimstone? Have you been aware of the whizzing sound peculiar to clubs and battleaxes when those instruments of destruction tear the air with unrestrained violence before finding their mark?

I do not mean to intimate that pianists uphold their own pet views with greater vehemence than other musicians, nor do I believe that musicians are by nature more cantankerous or more intolerant than men and women in other walks of life. It often happens that writers foam at the mouth when they give thought to convictions held by other writers, that painters flame up when they consider the work of other painters, that blacksmiths see red when they think of the methods employed by other blacksmiths, and that garbage collectors spit fire when they indulge in bull sessions concerning the skill and the accomplishments of other garbage collectors.

Those who declare in season and out of season that in music there is a certain something which tends to make musicians more quarrelsome than other mortals should open their eyes and prick up their ears. Careful observation and unbiased listening will convince them, I am sure, that the arts of collecting garbage, shoeing horses, writing books, painting barns, playing baseball, teaching the three R's, repairing motor cars, building houses, washing dishes, gathering fishworms, raising potatoes, shooting paper wads, and of doing almost everything else that human beings do, can lead to as many hectic differences

of opinion as music—and pianists.

I have singled out pianists for special mention because I intend to speak about a few recordings of piano music.

It goes without saying that pianists differ from one another in ability, in glory—and in convictions. Some of them turn up their noses at that type of playing which seems to be most adequately described by calling it pianism in the grand manner. They have no penchant, so they say, for fireworks. They do not minimize the importance of phenomenal technical skill; but they do not like to see technic exploited for technic's sake and for no other purpose whatever. Others stress mechanical dexterity at the expense of all the other elements that must, of necessity, go into highly developed and well-rounded pianism.

The fun begins when you ask, "Is Pianist A a mere technician?" or "Is Pianist B a thoroughly capable musician in addition to being a master of all the mechanical aspects of pianism?" Some of the answers you receive will surprise you. You will wonder how and why there can be, and actually are, so many differences of opinion in this world of ups and downs.

I myself have heard Vladimir Horowitz described as a master-technician, as a pianist without a phenomenal technic, as a great musician, as a piano-player who has only a small amount of genuine artistry in his make-up, and as a wizard in the art of exaggeration and distortion. Needless to say, I was amazed to bump my nose into such bitterly conflicting views. Some listeners have told me that Horowitz' playing reminds them of a tinkling cymbal; some have said that it has much in common with a sounding brass, and some have declared that Horowitz is in very truth one of the greatest pianists of all time. What was I to believe?

♪ When I heard Horowitz for the first time, his artistry, literally took my breath away. In my opinion his technical skill was dumbfounding, and his musicianship soared to impressive heights. I stood in the wings, about ten or twelve feet away from him, while he was playing. It was an exciting experience. Could there be such fabulously swift octaves in this error-pocked world? Could anyone produce such massively sonorous tones without vitiating them with disturbing extraneous sounds? Could a pianist capable of making the welkin ring manage to toss off passages that were gossamer-like in their delicacy? At the same time I was transported by the thorough-going musicianship which ran through Horowitz' read-

ings like threads of the finest gold. Then and there I concluded that Horowitz was a great artist, and I have clung to that conviction in spite of all the brickbats that have been hurled at me by friends and friendly enemies. To this day I have not changed my mind about the stature of Horowitz as an artist. I know that he has learned much since I heard him for the first time, and I suspect that he has absorbed much of that additional knowledge from Arturo Toscanini, who became his father-in-law a number of years ago. I do not know how extensive Toscanini's influence has been; but I do know that the master-conductor has not deprived Horowitz' artistry of that potent and spell-binding something which has made, and continues to make, Horowitz an uncommonly mighty pianist among the truly great pianists of our day.

When I learned that Father-in-law Toscanini, who had not been in the habit of devoting his masterful skill as a conductor to the works of Tchaikovsky, would present the famous Russian's *Concerto for Piano and Orchestra, in B Flat Minor* in conjunction with Son-in-law Horowitz, who had brought many listeners to their feet with his electrifying way of performing that composition, I was all agog. Would Tchaikovsky emerge as Tchaikovsky, or would he cast off his thoroughly Russian characteristics and come forth attired in the garb of a polished gentleman from Italy? As a matter of fact, the entire world of music was excited by the news that Toscanini and Horowitz would devote their joint attention to Tchaikovsky's concerto.

What happened? What was the nature of the much-discussed performance? Did Toscanini turn Tchaikovsky into a Rossini? Did he change Horowitz into a facsimile of himself? No. The reading was by no means entirely in keeping with long-established tradition; but who will be rash enough to deny that now and then—and sometimes more often than now and then—it is good to slap tradition in the face?

The recording of the Horowitz-Toscanini reading of Tchaikovsky's concerto (Victor Album 800) has gone out into every nook and cranny of our land and into many parts of the world. It has called forth much venomous disapprobation and, at the same time, reams upon reams of enthusiastic praise. If I say that the performance is unique, I am not using the word "unique" in a disparaging sense. To my thinking, it is helpful to hear masterworks presented in a new light. I must re-emphasize the important truth that the Horowitz-Toscanini performance of the concerto is, in some respects, not

Free France

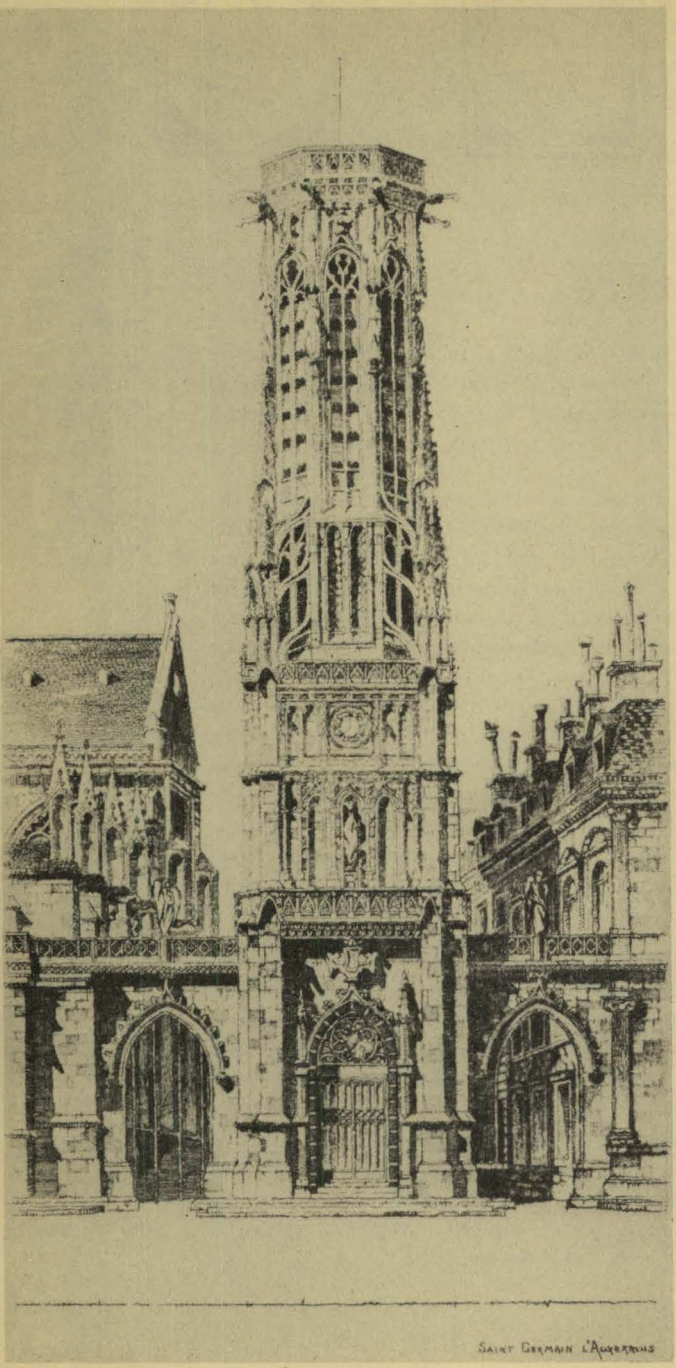
I never weary of great churches. It is my favorite kind of mountain scenery. Mankind was never so happily inspired as when it made a cathedral.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

Of all the men who ever saw and wrote of splendor in the French cathedrals from earliest times down through Sartel Prentice, Bumpus, Arcambau and Edwards, there is no one who so combined artistic understanding with true love for beauty and the gracefulness of design as did John Taylor Arms. With Dorothy Noyes Arms to write the commentary, he toured the cities of France after World War I in order to catch the glory and the grace of stone with his etching tools. The pages following give some small taste of the fine things which his eyes saw and which his heart could interpret. With him you see the cathedral as it looked to the eyes of the faithful people who have lived their lives beneath the long shadows of its tower and who have had their drab existence raised up above the little things of earth by the sheer attraction of such glory and beauty in stone.

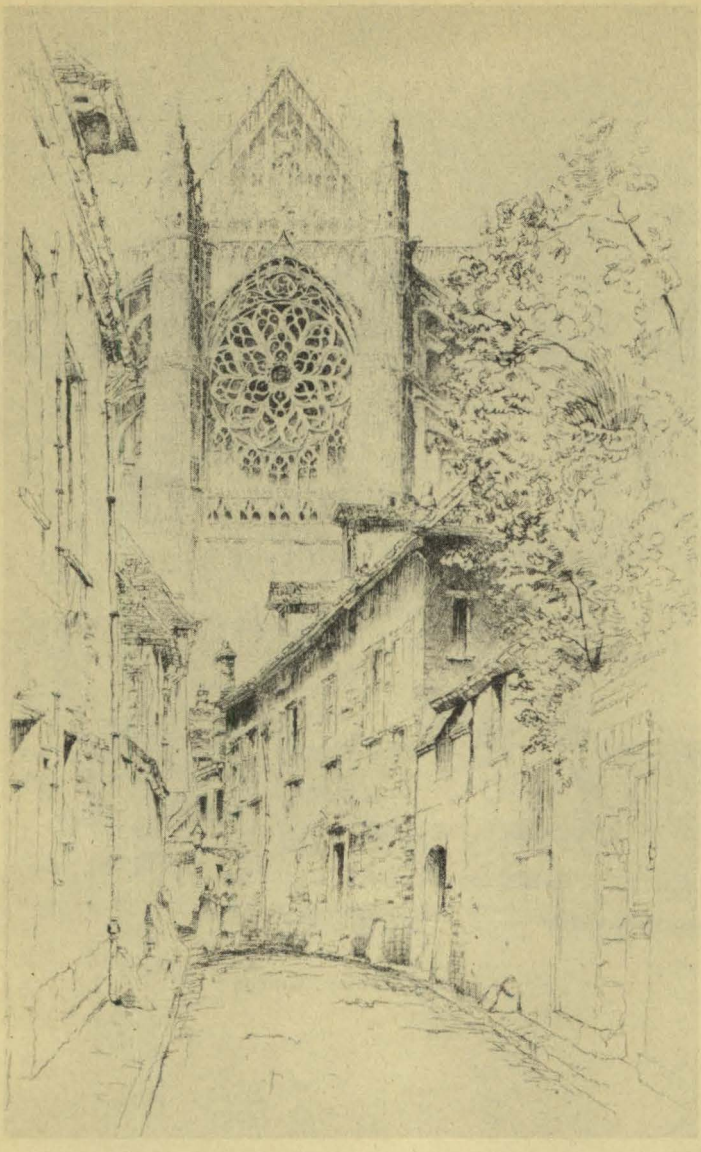
Since France is free again, one could desire nothing more than to have her heart beat high once more with faith in God. Even though the imperishable stone should escape the more terrible wars of the future, it would be far more desirable that the hearts of the people escape their present imminent danger and turn again to the peaceful ways of the simple faith that one time glorified the Crucified with these masterpieces of the builders art. The direct way to God must be opened up to them again and the glory of the ancient structures must be filled up with the glory of the age-old message of salvation through Jesus Christ, man's only Savior.

ADALBERT R. KRETZMANN

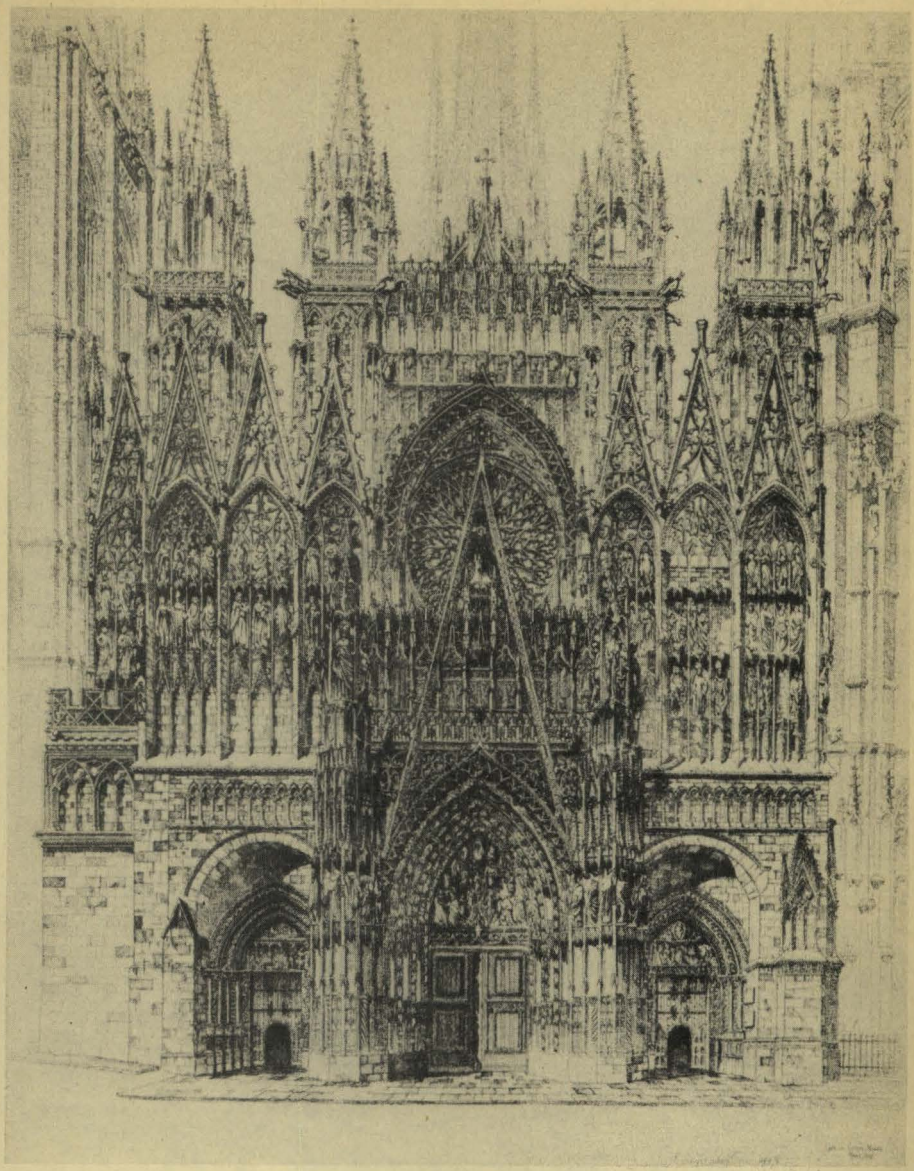


St. Germain
L'Auxerrois

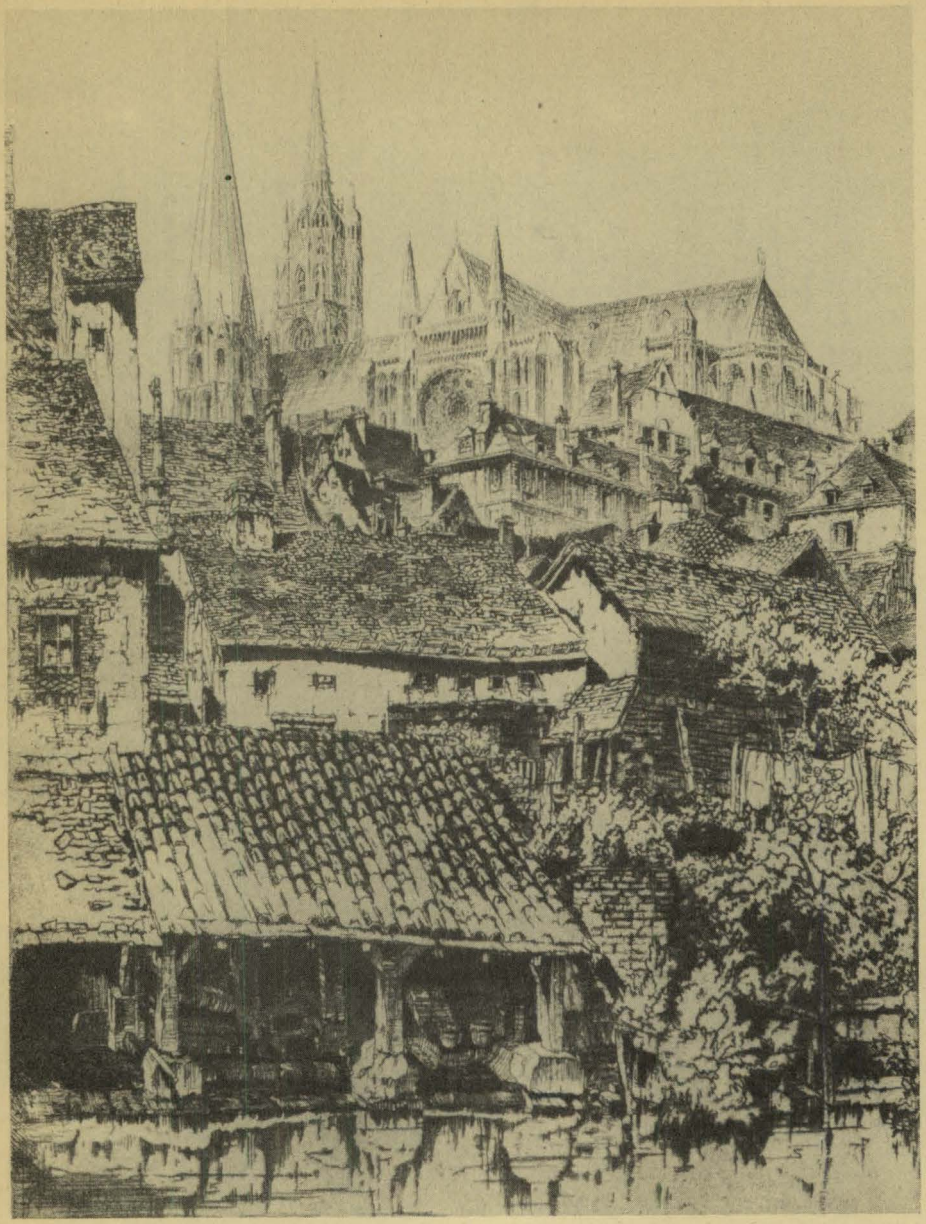
Notre Dame—Amiens



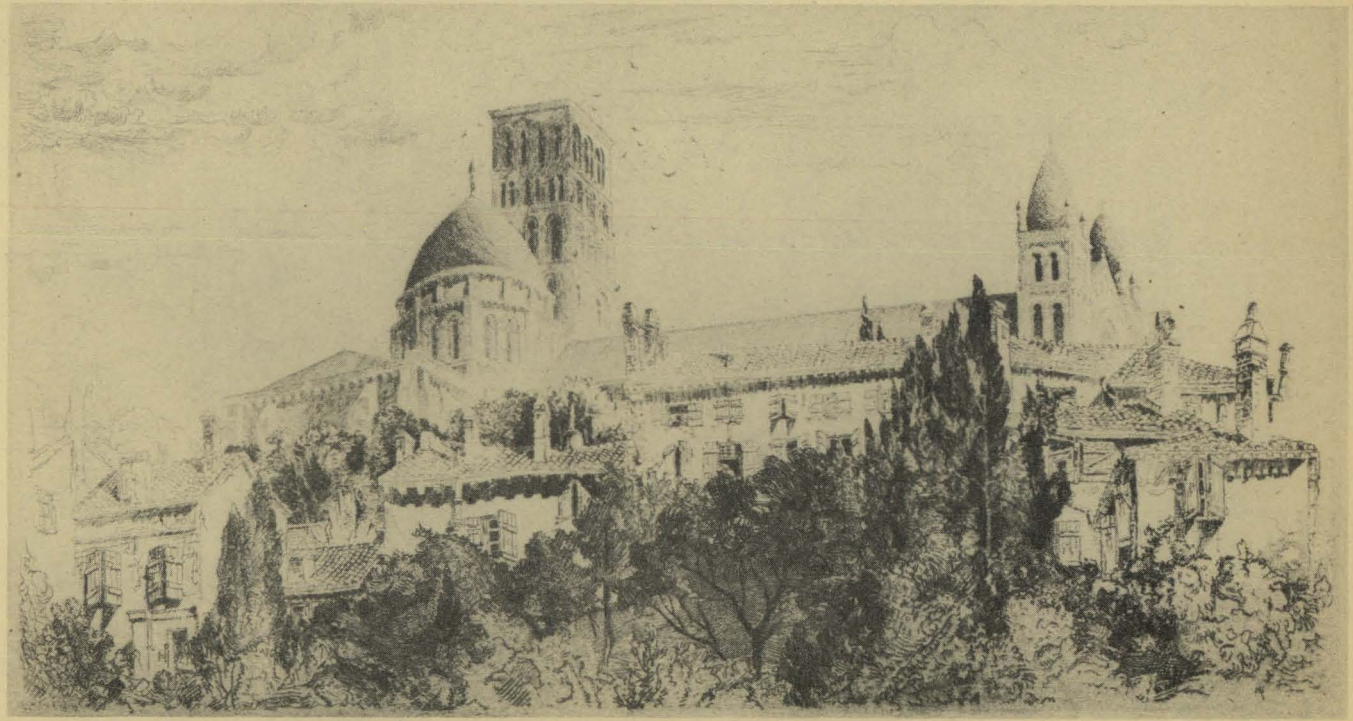
The Rose—Beauvais



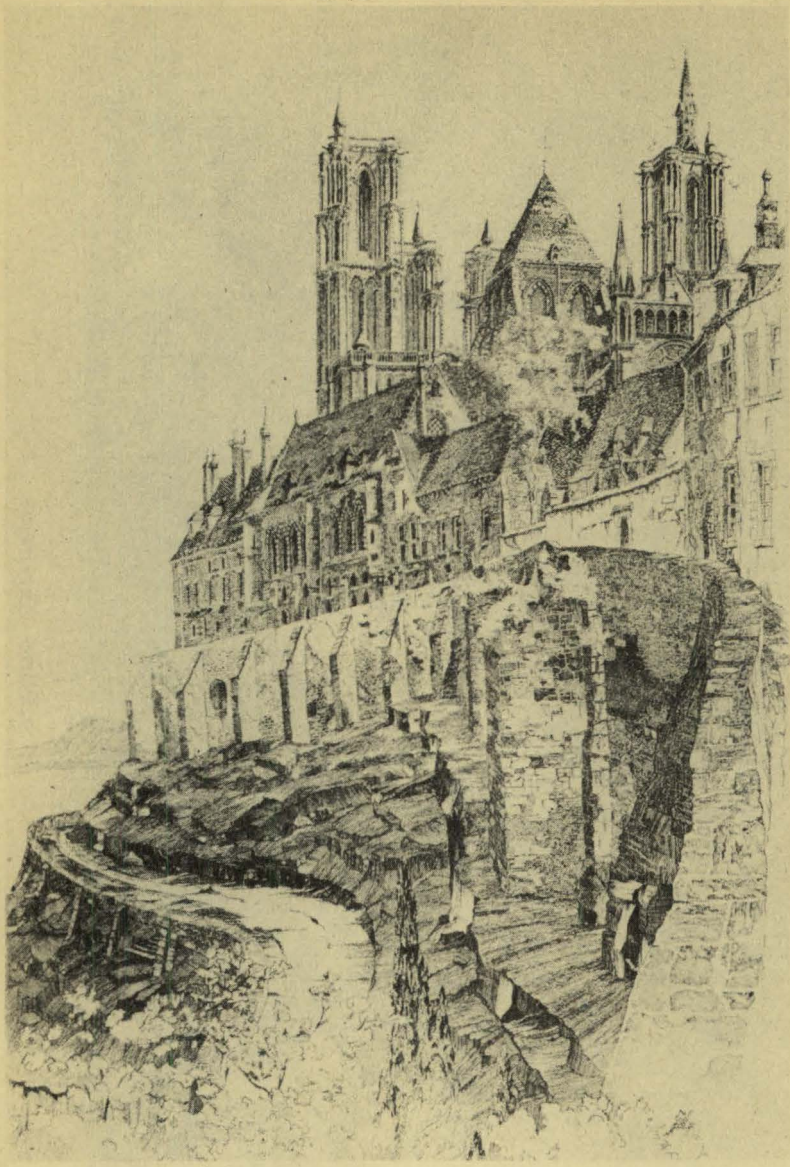
Lace in Stone—Rouen



Notre Dame—Chartres



St. Pierre—Angouleme



Notre Dame—Laon

on speaking terms with sacrosanct tradition, and I must say once more that at times it is both wise and profitable to cast tradition to the winds—if one happens to be a Horowitz or a Toscanini.

When all is said and done, one must admit, I believe, that there is much of Horowitz and much of Toscanini in the reading of Tchaikovsky's concerto. But does it contain much of Tchaikovsky? That, ladies and gentlemen, is and remains a matter of opinion. I say yes. Maybe you will say no. Who will settle the dispute? No one. Meanwhile those who prefer a reading which is thoroughly in keeping with tradition and, at the same time, magnificent and stirring in every detail will gain joy and edification in abundance from a performance of the same concerto by Artur Rubinstein and the London Symphony Orchestra under John Barbirolli (Victor Album 180).

♪ What really led me to write about pianists in general and about Horowitz in particular was a recently issued album entitled *A Vladimir Horowitz Program.* On three discs the renowned master of the keyboard plays his own rearrangement of Franz Liszt's piano version of Saint-Saens' "Danse Macabre," Carl Czerny's "Variations on the Aria, 'La Ricordanza,'" and Tchaikovsky's seldom heard "Dumka" ("Rustic Russian Scene"), Op. 59 (Victor Album 1001). Not one of these three fascinating compositions is a great masterpiece. Nevertheless, Horowitz lavishes his consummate mastery upon them with awe-inspiring effectiveness. Liszt's transcription for the piano of the "Danse Macabre" is a brilliant work—a work revealing a comprehensive understanding of the many and manifold resources of the keyboard. Naturally, Liszt could not imitate the orchestra; but he could suggest it in an extraordinarily vivid manner. Horowitz has added touches which make the suggestion even more vivid. The performance is full of life and rhythmical incisiveness. It glows with color. It is breathtaking. It is Horowitz through and through.

I bristle up whenever I hear anyone speak in a belittling manner about my good old friend Carl Czerny—Carl Czerny of the innumerable exercises, of the *Forty Daily Studies,* of the *School of Velocity,* of the *School of Finger Dexterity,* and of the *School of the Virtuoso.* Intimate association with the works of Czerny through many years has not dulled my respect for his remarkable acumen.

Nowadays it is fashionable in some circles to sneer at Czerny and his countless exercises; but I am convinced that there would be far

less sloppy piano-playing today if would-be pianists and their would-be teachers could be compelled to pay more attention to what Czerny bequeathed to the world of music. I have heard Mozart's compositions and Beethoven's compositions butchered with unspeakable cruelty, and I have wondered why, in the name of the common sense peculiar to nearly all horses, those who perpetrated such butchery did not cure themselves of their tendency to commit downright mayhem by taking large doses of good old Carl Czerny into their pianistic systems.

Czerny's "Variations on the Aria, 'La Ricordanza' " is an ear-tickling work. It requires musicianship and technical skill of an exceedingly high order; but Horowitz meets all the demands as only a master can meet them.

Tchaikovsky's "Dumka" may be mediocre Tchaikovsky; yet the sorcery of Horowitz makes it sound far better than it actually is.

No pianist can ever learn to be completely at home in every department of music. The domain of piano literature is entirely too vast for any one man or any one woman. Competent exponents of the works of Debussy are particularly rare, even though in our day many have at last shaken off the moth-eaten and thoroughly erroneous notion that the famous Frenchman was nothing more than a multicolored flash in the pan. Nowadays it is one of the truisms of genuine scholarship that Debussy was a great pioneer, and more and more of those who study the tonal art in its numerous ramifications are beginning to realize that he was an important trail-blazer in the field of piano-playing.

Artur Rubinstein's entrancingly beautiful readings of six piano compositions from the pen of Debussy in an album entitled *Piano Music of Debussy* (Victor Album 998) are a joy in every respect. The famous artist plays "Evening in Granada," "Gardens in the Rain," "Reflections in the Water," "Homage to Rameau," and the waltz called "La Plus que Lente" ("As Slow as Possible") with a thorough-going understanding of the iridescent colors contained in the music itself and with a breath-taking command of the iridescent colors which a master-pianist in the true sense of the word is able to evoke from the piano. I must mention *Piano Music of Debussy* among my treasured recordings.

[TO BE CONTINUED]

RECENT RECORDNGS

MODESTE MOUSSORGSKY. Selections from *Boris Godounoff*. A Victor Recordrama. Alexander Kipnis, basso, with the Victor Symphony Orchestra and Chorus under Nicolai Berezowsky. Ilya Tamarin, tenor, appears as Prince Shouisky.—A truly magnificent recording of some of the finest portions of Moussorgsky's great opera. Kipnis' artistry is impressive and remarkably sensitive, the orchestra plays exceedingly well, and the chorus reveals the fine ability of Robert Shaw, choral director. Victor Album 1000. $5.78.

MAURICE RAVEL. *Daphnis and Chloé Suite, No. 2*. The Boston Symphony Orchestra under Serge Koussevitzky.—A stirring performance of a composition filled to overflowing with orchestral magic. Victor Showpiece Album SP-1. $2.36.

RICHARD WAGNER. Prelude to *Lohengrin*. The NBC Symphony Orchestra under Arturo Toscanini.—One seldom hears this beautiful music presented with such penetrating understanding. Victor disc 11-8807. $1.05.

ALEXANDER TANSMAN. "Scherzo," from the Universal picture *Flesh and Fantasy*. MERCER-RAKSIN. Theme from the 20th Century-Fox picture *Laura*. The Janssen Symphony Orchestra of Los Angeles under Werner Janssen.—The music is fascinating, and the recording is excellent. Victor disc 11-8808. $1.05.

The Literary Scene

READ NOT TO CONTRADICT AND CONFUTE—NOR TO BELIEVE AND TAKE FOR GRANTED—BUT TO WEIGH AND CONSIDER

All unsigned reviews are by members of the staff

Never a Dull Moment

THE MUSICAL SCENE. By Virgil Thomson. Alfred A. Knopf, New York. 1945. 301 and XV pages. $3.00.

A NUMBER of years ago the spirit moved Virgil Thompson, music critic of the *New York Herald Tribune* since 1940, to write an opera. Its title was *Four Saints in Three Acts.* The text came from the quaintly rumbling pen of Gertrude Stein, that princess of the blood among the addicts of gibberish. Mr. Thomson's music had far more coherence than the libretto; but when one has made that statement about it, there is nothing to add—except, perhaps, the almost self-evident assertion that the work as a whole has something in common with rapidly decaying cabbage.

Yes, Mr. Thomson's music is, in the opinion of some commentators, distinctly odoriferous. But what about Mr. Thomson's skill as an opinion-monger? Has he torn leaves out of the books of the verbose Gertrude, or does he believe that those who write must strive to put words together for the purpose of being understood? Well, Virgil, bless his heart, is infinitely more competent as a stylist than as a composer. He is never dull. He may grope now and then for a word or a phrase; but he shakes verdicts and opinions from his sleeves with extraordinary agility. Readers may writhe, wince, scream, giggle, or jump up and down when they lay eyes on some of the judgments he dispenses in the collection of newspaper tidbits called *The Musical Scene;* but it is as certain as anything can be that what Virgil writes invariably has bone and sinew of some kind. His long residence in France has filled his heart with an especially sympathetic attitude toward French music, and the large chunks of commendable horse sense that have acquired citizenship in his make-up prompt him to listen to modern music with ears which are free from the rancid wax of intolerance and to discuss it with a pen which is as different

from the pen of the redoubtable Gertrude as a well-shaped rose bush is different from a ragweed.

Mr. Thomson, who spawned the music for *Four Saints in Three Acts,* calls Sibelius' *Second Symphony* "vulgar, self-indulgent, and provincial beyond all description." "I realize," he continues, "that there are sincere Sibelius-lovers in the world, though I must say I've never met one among educated professional musicians." He looks upon George Antheil "as a powerful musician and a healthy spirit." He speaks of Beethoven as

> an old fraud (politically) who just talked about human rights and dignity but who was really an irascible, intolerant and scheming careerist, who allowed himself the liberty, when he felt like it, of being unjust toward the poor, lickspittle toward the rich, dishonest in business, unjust and unforgiving toward the members of his own family.

Mr. Thomson rises to heights of unassailable wisdom when he declares bluntly and to the point that those who undertake to dispense what is commonly called music appreciation —the Appreciation Racket—should teach music "as a language and not as a guessing game. Unfortunately," he goes on, "most of them know only about twenty pieces anyway, and they are merely bluffing when they pretend that these (and certain contemporary works that sort of sound like them) make up all the music in the world worth bothering about."

The Musical Scene is a valuable book. Every devotee of the tonal art should read it to be shocked, amused, pleased, encouraged, angered, instructed, and stimulated.

Let's Look at the Record

THE PLOT AGAINST THE PEACE: A Warning to the Nation. By Michael Sayers and Albert E. Kahn. Dial Press, New York. 1945. 258 pages. $2.75.

THE authors of the timely volume entitled *The Plot Against the Peace* declare that the German General Staff "has always regarded military defeat as merely a temporary phase of war." In making this statement they do not pretend to be divulging a dark secret. It is their conviction—and, incidentally, it is the conviction of many other careful observers of past and present trends in world-history—that the leadership of Germany in the political, economic, and military fields is determined to pave the way for a holocaust which will be called World War III.

In all probability, Messrs. Sayers and Kahn will be held up to ridicule by men and women who believe that the terrible defeat recently inflicted upon the Third Reich by the armed might of the United Nations will prove to be an unforgettable lesson for the German General Staff. Similarly, those who view the present world-situation with purblind optimism as well as those who maintain in spite of overwhelming proof to the contrary that Germany was as innocent of the causes of World War II as the uncle in John Greenleaf Whittier's *Snowbound* was innocent of books will continue to assert in private and in public that the authors of *The Plot Against the Peace* are utterly incapable of interpreting the

currents of history in a thoroughly objective manner.

Will the warning given by Messrs. Sayers and Kahn and by many others —including Sumner Welles and General Eisenhower—be brushed aside by the statesmen of today and the cannon-fodder of tomorrow just as the unmistakable threats contained in Adolf Hitler's *Mein Kampf* were brushed aside by those who, for one reason or another, were unable or unwilling to read the handwriting on the wall? Will the men and women of the United States, war-weary though they are, close their eyes to the well-known fact that Germany began to prepare skilfully and systematically for World War II as soon as she had been defeated in World War I? Perhaps some of them will argue that Germany's entire war potential has been so completely destroyed by the Red Army and by the forces under General Eisenhower that anything even approaching a successful preparation for another war is altogether unthinkable. If they are convinced that such a conclusion is founded on truth, they will do well to disabuse themselves of their untenable belief by reading carefully the recent news reports to the effect that Germany's war industries, though badly bruised and battered, have by no means been smashed into nothingness. Even now some of Germany's eminent industrialists are trying in the sweat of their brows to prevail upon the victors to permit them to resume production.

The authors of *The Plot Against the Peace* point out that the German General Staff and its numerous ardent coadjutors have been acting in accordance with a long-range policy. Even when certain defeat in the recently concluded war stared them in the face, they continued to depopulate countries which they had brought under the Nazi heel; for it was evidently their purpose to see to it that future enemies would, in the long run, be weaker in manpower and in stamina than Germany herself.

The German General Staff, say Messrs. Sayers and Kahn, is trying desperately to win the peace even though it has lost the war. Much underground activity is afoot in the crushed country itself. Numerous individuals and organizations are at work in other lands. Plans and stratagems have been devised long ago. If we close our eyes to the danger or refuse to admit that such danger actually exists, the diehard champions of the tenets and the aims of Nazism will once more muddy the waters of Europe and the entire world. If drastic steps are not taken at the present time to break up the German General Staff and to frustrate all its plans, a third world-catastrophe will be inevitable.

The authors have restricted their attention to the imminent dangers inherent in the thinking and the scheming of the unregenerate militarists and imperialists of Germany. They have presented a strong case; but the facts they have set forth and the conclusions they have drawn would, in all likelihood, carry far more weight in the eyes of those who are inclined to be doubting Thomases if, in connection with the consideration of the German General Staff and its cohorts,

Messrs. Sayers and Kahn had explained at some length and in detail that imperialism, militarism, and totalitarianism sow the seeds of war, and actually work toward war, no matter in what country such "isms" raise their ugly heads and flourish.

Sincerity of Conviction

FREEDOM IS MORE THAN A WORD. By Marshall Field. University of Chicago Press, Chicago. 1945. 190 pages. $2.50.

MARSHALL FIELD'S thought-provoking little book rings with honesty of purpose and sincerity of conviction. One ventures to conclude that even those who disagree emphatically and boisterously here and there with the Chicago-born multimillionaire who was educated at Eton and Cambridge will applaud the refreshing candor with which he sets forth his views.

Mr. Field agrees whole-heartedly that the "freedom-cooperation balance which we call 'democracy'" must be founded on groceries—by which he means "reasonable economic security"—on peace, and on access to facts; but he contends pertinently and vigorously that it is necessary to add a fourth element to the formula. Freedom, he declares, cannot exist permanently unless it recognizes, and makes use of, the great value of toughness, and he goes on to point out that toughness is, in reality, "a lack of gentlemanliness." He explains his somewhat startling expression by saying that in it

> I have sought to suggest the need faced by democracy to keep from permitting itself to be controlled by outworn, traditional ways of doing things, regardless of how democratic and useful those ways may have seemed when they were first adopted. . . . A gentleman does not enter into controversial discussions. He does not question—at least until a crisis is actually at hand—the wisdom of those who drive the apple cart. He tries to preserve the *forms* of a society, perhaps even the forms of freedom and democracy, even when the actualities are changing. In an extreme form, he is a living antique, a fossil handed down from the *status quo ante.*

Mr. Field entered the business of journalism because he believed, in his ruggedly individualistic way, that he could use a part of his vast fortune in a particularly helpful manner by promoting "more freedom of discussion." He undertook "to support a newspaper, *PM,* that represents an experiment in journalism—an experiment that may well become significant for the daily newspaper of the future." Later on he established in Chicago

> a newspaper, the *Sun,* that competes with a paper previously maintaining a local morning monopoly and that introduced into Chicago's morning-newspaper field a strikingly different slant on national, as well as international, affairs.

When Mr. Field learned that the *Chicago Sun* was unable to obtain membership in the Associated Press "either by vote or by purchase," he "filed with the federal Department of Justice a statement of complaint against the monopolistic practices of the Associated Press." In response to his complaint and to the complaints of others the United States Department of Justice brought a civil action

against the AP on August 28, 1942. Almost three years later—in June, 1945—the Supreme Court ruled against the AP. Undoubtedly Mr. Field would have devoted much space in *Freedom Is More Than a Word* to the feeling of gratification aroused in him by the decision of the highest tribunal of our land if that decision had been handed down before the publication of his book; but from the chapter entitled "The AP Case" one can gain a clear understanding of his views regarding the matter as opposed to the views of Colonel Robert R. McCormick, publisher of the *Chicago Tribune.*

In addition to his experiments in the domain of journalism Mr. Field has "tentatively entered the radio field."

The fur is flying thick and fast these days in the newspaper world now that the Supreme Court has given a majority decision in accordance with the outspoken multimillionaire's complaint against the Associated Press. As a result, the interest in *Freedom Is More Than a Word* is even greater today than it was when the volume came from the press. Many are eager to know what manner of man is asserting himself with such forthright vigor in some of the vitally important departments of the life and civilization of the United States. In *Freedom Is More Than a Word* they will become acquainted with a man who believes passionately that our nation cannot continue to be what its founders intended that it should be unless its citizens see to it that "an atmosphere of freedom" is retained at all costs and is "constantly nurtured by a thoroughly democratic educational program."

Psychological Novel

THE BALLAD AND THE SOURCE. By Rosamond Lehmann. Reynal & Hitchcock, New York. 1945. 312 pages. $2.75.

AN enigmatic book with an obscure title is Miss Lehmann's latest novel, the first to appear in eight years. It is a Book-of-the-Month Club selection, which makes her score four book-club choices out of five novels published. We are still not sure of the author's meaning, but we have an idea that it has something to do with the legendary tale sung about Sibyl Jardine and the source, which was her true self. This is too general an explanation, for Sibyl lived at the time her story was told, and no one did any singing at all.

Mrs. Jardine was a woman whose personality and character were complex and contradictory. She breathed charm, exuded kindness, and spoke intelligently as she told the ten-year old Rebecca about herself. Yet something sinister, selfish, and ruthless seemed to lie under her glittering surface. Its effect showed in the lives of her family. Her daughter, Ianthe, hated her; her granddaughter, Maisie, despised her; her first husband feared her; her acquaintances looked on her with distrust. Harry, her second husband (but third lover), was neither positive nor negative, but a kind of neutron floating about in her atomic world. Brandy, a yellow cat, and a sickly child were his sole pleasures.

Sibyl Anstey Jardine did not be-

lieve in frustration. She wanted to live her life to the fullest, and she wanted others to be able to do the same. Yet, perversely, her life had the opposite effect on those she touched. In order to free her daughter from a sheltered and repressed life she dispatched one of her own lovers to teach her a little worldly wisdom. Ianthe learned the hard way, a way which led to more frustration, tragedy, and insanity.

Nevertheless, the child Rebecca loved my lady on the hill and called her "a wonderful specimen of womanhood." Six years passed before Rebecca discovered enough facts to form a judgment. A bit came from Tilly, the nursemaid, a morsel from Auntie Mack, a few slices from Mrs. Jardine herself, and a whole loaf from Maisie.

The strange and interesting part of this psychological novel is that all of the pieces fit together perfectly. No one tells any lies, yet the interpretation placed on the same facts makes the true picture difficult to see. Not until the final chapter is the reader sure the lights and shadows are reflected in the right places.

JESSIE SWANSON

Period Piece

WILD ORCHARD. By Isabel Dick. Thomas Y. Crowell Company, New York. 1945. 282 pages. $2.50.

WILD ORCHARD is the story of two pioneers to Van Dieman's Land, as Tasmania was called in 1840. It is the love story of Jan Halifax and Harriat Bracken; it tells of their struggles, hardships, and happiness in founding a home of their own in a strange land "down under." Harry was the youngest daughter of an English minister. She knew nothing about cooking, baking, caring for a house or managing servants; but she had an optimistic outlook and the spontaneity of youth to help her through each new problem. Jan Halifax was left some land and a tannery by his father; but he was also left two selfish and irresponsible sisters and a brother-in-law of dubitable integrity. From the moment they arrived on the island fate seemed against them. The land was uncleared bushland; the house they had planned to live in was burned to the foundation; the tannery was not paying. Harry lived in a tent until a small house was built. Jan hired convict labor to help clear the land, build roads, set out crops, and put up cabins. Harry's maid, Maggie, had been shipped to Van Dieman's Land because she had smothered a baby. Maggie's reason was to save her mother. Hadn't she groaned that she would die if the baby didn't stop its wailing? Maggie was a bit insolent, but very capable and loyal until Harry's baby was born. After she went mad, Harry was left to do everything for herself. But friends from miles around rallied to her help. The book ends with a strawberry festival at Christmas resembling both the Pilgrims' first Thanksgiving and the Cratchet's Christmas dinner.

The author has tried to preserve the type of speech spoken in the period, but her authenticity retards reading speed. In fact, the whole book took too long to read!

JESSIE SWANSON

Poet's Progress

THE COLLECTED POETRY OF W. H. AUDEN. Random House, New York. 1945. 466 pages. $3.75.

And, gentle, do not care to know,
Where Poland draws her eastern bow,
What violence is done,
Nor ask what doubtful act allows
Our freedom in this English house,
Our picnics in the sun.

THE poem in which this passage occurs, written in 1933, when Auden was known as one of a group of three Oxford friends who among the young writers of the time seemed especially worthy of notice, is in several of its aspects typical of what his work was to be. Technically it is interesting as an experiment in the style of the "Horatian Ode" of the metaphysical poet Andrew Marvell; in his later work Auden has attempted almost every style of versification, and with remarkable success. The syntax also has a strong rhetorical basis, a quality that has constantly distinguished Auden's work. In 1933, however, the line of thought was perhaps the most striking aspect of the piece, for the poet and his friends were attempting to awake England to her international responsibilities and to warn her of fascism without and within "this island." To their way of thinking, the nervelessness of Liberalism and the insipidity of the present industrial system were fostering material spoliation and spiritual illness:

What do you think about England, this country of ours where nobody is well?

Auden's weapons ranged from rowdy satirical poems directed against those who suffer from "will his negative inversion," like the inhibited Miss Gee, to lyrical statements of his positive ideal:

As when Merlin, tamer of horses, and his lords to whom
Stonehenge was still a thought, the Pillars passed

And into the undared ocean swung north their prow,
Drives through the night and star-concealing dawn
For the virgin roadsteads of our hearts an unwavering keel.

Auden's command of the resources of our language and literature has from the start been the admiration of his critics. He is able to deal with all sorts of ideas and forms. The betrayal by the Liberals he presents in a satirical ballad that ends with an effect of terror:

O where are you going? Stay with me here!
Were the vows you swore deceiving, deceiving?
No, I promised to love you dear,
But I must be leaving.

O it's broken the lock and splintered the door,
O it's the gate where they're turning, turning;
Their boots are heavy on the floor
And their eyes are burning.

The realities of the Chinese war are given in a series of sonnets:

Far from the heart of culture he was used:
Abandoned by his general and his lice,
Under a padded quilt he closed his eyes
And vanished. He will not be introduced
When this campaign is tidied into books.

Miranda's love for Ferdinand is expressed in a villanelle remarkable for its subtle rhythms:

My Dear One is mine as mirrors are lonely,
As the poor and sad are real to the good king,
And the high green hill sits always by the sea.

Auden's work continues to be high-spirited, but it is seldom marred by the irresponsibility that in some earlier poems contented itself with private jokes or facile fault-finding. He is working toward an understanding of further aspects of life.

Strange Stuff

TAHL. By Jeremy Ingalls. Alfred A. Knopf, New York. 1945. 621 pages. $3.50.

THIS extremely interesting work is a philosophical poem, with sections of dramatic and of lyrical verse, presenting the encounter between a group of highly intelligent young people and the world of the 1930's. Miss Ingalls has been remarkably successful in raising her characters and their problems to general symbols—they form a sort of pantheon—and at the same time keeping them firmly set in the actualities of today. The group of friends who are busy questioning, denying, and affirming traditional values consists of Tahl, "the colt of God," the most gifted mentally of them all, a composer; George, his boon companion, a painter; Alfred, a farmer, ungifted except in staunch friendship; Alison, something of a modern and more charming Antigone, who is idealized further than the others; Iris, a thoroughly lovable woman; the practical young mother, Elsa; the aviatrix, Jan; and the brilliant courtesan, the Viennese exile Stephanie.

In their first adulthood, when the American characters are still in this country, they are concerned with problems of personal relations, of planning careers, and of the moral nature of the universe. On a trip through Egypt and Greece they come to consider these problems in the light of history and of their own further experience. In Vienna and in the Spain of the revolution, where they give active help to the Loyalists, their speculation is converted into deed. The fruit of their further maturity appears in both thought and action: in Tahl's journey to China to serve in what practical way he can there, and in his posthumous vocal and orchestral composition, which concludes with the text: "Thou mightiest Christ arise . . . the Word of Life."

Miss Ingalls combines conversational idiom and highly stylized diction and syntax in a way which is for the most part successful, and which prevents the poem from being committed to any one vein, while at the same time keeping it unified. The passages range from rowdy teasing to elevated odes. The mental scope of the characters is so wide that at their quick-leaping speculation a surprisingly large number of the words in the language mushroom up into view. The verse-forms too are varied. The greater quantity of the work is in blank verse, which Miss Ingalls manages well; but there are in addition various types of stanzas ap-

propriate to odes, passages of free verse, passages in several types of long lines, ballades, and a sestina. As it is a philosophical poem, *Tahl* does not offer dramatic intensity, but in the range of its thought and in its technical range, the poem impresses the reader with its completeness.

Our World

THE U.S.A. AT WAR: U.S. CAMERA, 1945. Edited by Tom Maloney. Duell, Sloan & Pearce, New York. 1944. 304 pages. $4.50.

ANOTHER twelve-month time exposure has been made and published as a yearbook by U.S. Camera magazine under the editorship of Mr. Tom Maloney. He was assisted once again by Commander Edward Steichen, U.S.N.R., as judge of the photographs. Camera subject: The American G.I., portrayed with all the breadth and depth of focus that modern photography and the skill of undisputed camera experts can employ. However, with a few exceptions in the case of Army releases, the name of the photographer is known only to the compilers of this volume, for each one is identified simply by his branch of service—"U.S.N.," "U.S.C.G.," "U.S.A.F.," "U.S.M.C." Because of the increasing intensity of the action on the battle-fronts, civilian life in the U.S. at war has been entirely omitted this year, save in the rare instances where the borders of their lives touch those of the combat soldier—a family greeting its hero, or a U.S.O. hostess jitterbugging with a sailor on leave.

Back and forth between the Pacific and European fronts the book follows the progress of the fight from Tarawa in November, 1943, to "Lafayette, we are here—again" in August, 1944. The grouping of the photos under fourteen chronological events adds greatly to the impression of compactness in this year's book.

Each reader will probably have his own set of six or eight favorites among the one hundred sixty-odd photographs. And so it would, perhaps, be an imposition to describe the choice of anyone in particular. But some over-all impressions should be recorded:

The American G.I. has a smile all his own—a typical grin that can somehow be recognized as American no matter of what nationality his inheritance may be, and no matter whether that smile is begrimed by battle-smoke or whether it is flashed in some moment of relaxation. Pictures of smiling G.I.'s are rare, though, for most of the time the cameras have caught the dogged concentration of the soldier at his job.

The enlisted cameraman is a hero to whom military strategists of today and history in the future must pay tribute. In case after case throughout the book, the photographer was there in the first wave of assault in order to snap his comrades from the front as they came in. One of the two blurred photos in the book is itself outstanding because a shell had landed so close to the photographer that the camera was badly jarred.

The perfection of aerial photography since its beginnings in World War I has made possible some achievements breath-taking, not only because

of military importance, but because of sheer beauty of composition. And so one can now see the geometric pattern of miles of concentric wave ripples circling around a life raft in the Pacific; the tragic pattern of square miles of bombed-out city with streets still clearly defined, but with countless roofs and walls demolished; the flashing pattern of P-38's far below the cameraman's plane, glinting in the sun against black European forests; the incongruous pattern of machines of modern warfare photographed against the seamed hills and ancient ruins of a Roman countryside.

The 1945 U. S. Camera yearbook is war history in a series of fascinating capsules. Photographs are combined with a text which is the work of painstaking researchers who combined accurate information with occasional drama and human interest. The facts they present are necessary background reading, but, wisely, they leave the detailed enjoyment of the pictures to the scrutiny and imagination of the reader. And, best of all, a sizeable portion of the text, written in late 1944 in the progressive tense of action then going on, may now be recorded definitely and finally in the past.

Broadway Success

I REMEMBER MAMA: A Play in Two Acts. By John van Druten. Harcourt, Brace and Company, New York. 1945. 177 pages. $2.50.

I REMEMBER MAMA, a play presenting the family life of Norwegian immigrants, follows the structural pattern of the phenomenally popular *Life with Father;* it is a series of vignettes selected to illustrate the impact of one member of the family upon the rest. But whereas Father is an obstacle that the other members must circumvent if they are to develop their own potentialities, Mama serves as an impregnating principle and fostering environment for the groping souls about her. What plot there is in the series of incidents is a tracing of the fruition of her methods in the life of her oldest daughter, in the marriage venture of her hesitating sister, and in the relationship between her doughty uncle and his commonlaw wife on the one hand and her harpy sisters on the other.

Although "Mama"—in spite of the daughter's point of view, from which the story is told, one tends to think of "Mama" as an absolute, Marta Hanson—is a charming and sufficiently complex person, this play tends, like many "folksy" plays and stories, to be oversimplified. As regards the characters, the unpleasant aunts are type villainesses of a grade-school novel. And as regards the plot, each incident ends with a facile cheerfulness; the whole play has too much of the atmosphere of "The Most Unforgettable Character I Have Ever Known." Marta's personality is even occasionally cheapened by the author's perpetrating corny jokes on her imperfect knowledge of English; nor is it clear why immigrants must always be represented as delivering sententious observations after the fashion of "Confucius say."

Such strictures apart, the play is great fun. The doings of the family

terror, hearty old Uncle Chris; the evenings when the moth-eaten actor, Mr. Hyde, enchants the family circle with the English classics; Marta's triumph over the hospital staff; the application of Trina's timid fiancé to Uncle Chris for a dowry; Katrin's winning her adulthood and the right to drink coffee; Marta's success in behalf of Katrin with the gourmet-writer, Florence Dana Moorhead—all are entertaining.

The technique of presentation is interesting. The events are shown as a series of flashbacks, recollections on the part of Katrin, the oldest daughter, who has gained success as a story writer by leaving off romanticizing and dealing instead with the realistic materials offered by her own life. Just how realistic such realism is, however, remains a moot question.

Picture Book Survey

MOVIE LOT TO BEACHHEAD, By the Editors of *Look,* with a preface by Robert St. John. Doubleday, Doran & Co., New York. 1945. 292 pages. $3.75.

IF you enjoy the movies and would like a pictorial album, here is what you want. This graphic compilation has some 40 pages of solid text and over 250 pages of black-and-white photographs with brief but enthusiastic comments. It is well organized, but is uniformly Hollywood ballyhoo. Collect any number of movie articles from fan magazines, complete with picture-spreads and glamorous personalities, and you might have the equivalent. Moreover, in the pattern of certain weekly periodicals, the content is so simplified that the reader (logically, a misnomer here) need but glance and page through, without strenuous effort.

The many uses of films during the war are emphasized. The newsreel is shown as both portent and record in depicting the Axis on the march. Training films demonstrate battle experiences. How war movies are made accurate and real is illustrated by scenes showing the combat camera man in action. The OWI Motion Picture Bureau's film technique here vies with stars in uniform, and the projecting of American democracy for the rest of the world to see is made to share space with starlet showmanship in canteen enterprises and in selling war bonds. In my opinion, only two sequences are really notable: for general interest, the 35 stills of a short entitled "The Town" in the U. S.; and for sheer drama, the Monte Cassino shelling.

An apt conclusion suggests especially the 16 mm. camera's future educational contribution to international understanding, the rehabilitation of veterans, community problems, industry, science, religion, and democracy. But no mention is made of the fact—admitted by the motion picture tycoon, Samuel Goldwyn, in a recent magazine article—that the screen is only one agent in this big responsibility shared by educators, the press, and radio (to which the movies will soon be linked by television). The editors do point out, however, that the film should be used as an adjunct to other teaching methods, and not as a substitute for them.

Because *Movie Lot to Beachhead* is clearly intended to be impressive publicity, its besetting fault is its lack of vital self-criticism. Nowhere is there an admission of shortcoming. The obvious war-contribution of Hollywood and all persons connected therewith needs no visual case-history like this, because the world knows that entertainment is the movies' big business.

But it is very encouraging to see evidence that the motion picture industry is alert to its other possibility. Films teach when they are pretending not to, and thus are vivid and subtle. We hope the dual function of entertainment and instruction will become more fused in tomorrow's movies. This will be possible when the same attention to attractiveness of presentation will be given to educational pictures as has been lavished upon those designed principally for pleasure. A wider public acceptance will quickly result, for the limited popularity of fact films at present is not entirely an indication of a general unwillingness to be better informed. A few pictures in this volume substantiate this contention.

HERBERT H. UMBACH

The Old South

PRIDE'S WAY. By Robert Molloy. Macmillan Co., New York. 1945. 355 pages, $2.50.

CHARLESTON, South Carolina, was already an old city in 1910, and 1910 was a year when women of seventy felt like seventy. They sucked their peppermints, hobnobbed with the other elderly ladies of the sodality and lived off the bounty of their children. Against a background lush with local color, two crotchety old ladies lead separate lives. They are Julie Gerard, proud possessor of three children, and Tessie Gerard, who had no one but herself. Julie was comfortably established in the home of her prosperous son-in-law, and she was satisfied. She had her favorite foods, an honored position, and she had her grandchildren to love. Tessie inhabited a single room in a decaying boarding house, alone except for her pictures. Miss Tessie was never satisfied.

For six years the sisters had not spoken, and each had it on her conscience. However, life would have been smoother by far for Julie if Tessie had not entered her garden one bright day to make peace. As Julie said ruefully after she had left the easy life of the O'Donnell household, her pride and Tessie started all the misery.

Once moved out, Julie's pride would not permit her to return, and Henry would not forget his pride and urge her to come back to his house. And so everyone concerned was thoroughly wretched, with the added complication of knowing that Miss Tessie was near starvation and too proud to accept charity.

The Gerard-O'Donnell families finally realized that pride and trouble go hand-in-hand. And after seventy years the old sisters saw what most Charleston pride consisted of: "It's shame—that's the word for it!"

Mr. Molloy, a former resident of Charleston, writes of this city with a gentle humor sprinkled with a few

hidden barbs. He has a simple readable style in this first novel, which is excellent entertainment and thoroughly enjoyable.

JANET STEBEN BARTH

Iron Men in Wooden Ships

COMMODORE HORNBLOWER. By C. S. Forester. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. 1945. 384 pages. $2.50.

FICTION with an historical setting, like the historical novel, has a special appeal to readers young and old. Even the fact-minded individuals like to write and read about some of the great might-have-beens in world history. Moreover, fiction writers who use the framework of actuality know the people in their story really better than they can actually know anyone in life or in imagination alone, and their heroes stay appropriately in their sphere.

Forester has written many tales of high adventure (e.g. *Rifleman Dodd and the Gun, The African Queen, The Captain from Connecticut, The Peacemaker, The General,* etc.) but none better than the chronicles centered on Horatio Hornblower's resourcefulness in the troubled days of the Napoleonic Era. Full of salt spray and breath-taking exploits, a saga has developed around this intrepid British sea-dog whose fictitious name, incidentally, was suggested by the name of Arthur Hornblow, Jr., husband of Myrna Loy when Forester was a script writer in Hollywood before the war.

In *Beat to Quarters* Hornblower set sail to destroy Spain's power in the New World, which he did—despite scurvy, a mutiny, and sea fights—off the coast of South America. Then, in *Ship of the Line,* privateers, a hurricane, and divers calamities made Hornblower's days hectic, but he did manage to whip the French off the coast of Spain, only to become prisoner with his surviving men in a Spanish fortress. Next, in *Flying Colours* he escaped Napoleon's clutches and stayed in hiding until he could steal a French ship to make his getaway. These three stories were merged in the book called *Captain Horatio Hornblower* and are the general preliminaries of our book.

In the latest of the series, *Commodore Hornblower,* which first appeared serially in the *Saturday Evening Post,* our friend is called out of boring retirement as Squire of Smallbridge to become commodore of a six ship squadron in the Baltic with his peg-legged friend Bush, the second-in-command. Action, diplomacy, and intrigue—with possible modern connotation—crowd each other through 24 chapters, always dominated by the character of Sir Horatio. We see how, from the quarterdeck of his flagship the Nonsuch, he guides his men to destroy the raiding French corvette *Blanchefleuer* at Stralsund in the waters of Swedish Pomerania; how he personally frustrates the mad attempt of his interpreter Braun to assassinate Czar Alexander at a banquet in the imperial palace at Peterhof; his flotilla's daring penetration of the cable and boom off the entrance to the Frisches Haff; his original part in helping to lift General Macdonald's siege of Riga by using two bomb-ketches as "camels"; the subsequent

amphibious destruction of the coastal shipping that was supplying Bonaparte's army via the inland water route for transport of military stores: the commodore's utterly incongruous but successful leading of a flanking counter-attack, by charging on horseback at the head of a ragged line of Russian defenders against the assault on Daugavgriva; the reckless ride of Horatio after the retreating Prussians, accompanied only by his valet Brown and Col. Clausewitz, culminating in the unconditional surrender of Gen. Yorck and men; and the typhus invalidism of Hornblower —these are the highlights of eight months in 1812 that in this book conclude with our hero's return home to his wife and little son.

Here, then, is an exciting story crammed with romantic daring, built on colorful realistic details of sea and war conditions in the early nineteenth century, in the phraseology of its day and of today. The author is at home on land and on sea. The merit of *Commodore Hornblower* is, however, its British author's incarnation of John Bull's cross-grained pluck in the role of the title character. Especially well done is the portrayal of the authentically human side of an inspiring, gruff C. O., in his personal worries and sensitiveness covered by discipline, in his consideration of his men and ships, in his attempts to appreciate music and to read current literary works, and in his talent for promptly reaching decisions that must reflect national as well as personal glory. Thereby the commodore brings Sweden, Russia, and Prussia to England's side more readily than by swaggering the power of Britain's navy.

Mellowed slightly by advancing years, Hornblower has lost none of the audacity and ready thinking that made his earlier reputation for daring. Forester, likewise, has increased his good reputation by this story.

HERBERT H. UMBACH

San Francisco Interlude

LAUGHTER ON THE HILL. By Margaret Parton. Whittlesey House, New York. 1945. 245 pages. $2.75.

ON a morning in December, 1940, in the intense blackness which comes just before dawn, the Norwegian freighter *West Wind* sailed into San Francisco Harbor. High on the ship's bridge an eager girl braced herself against the icy wind and waited breathlessly for her first glimpse of the fabulous city beside the Golden Gate. In a sense, this was a homecoming for Margaret Parton; for she was born in San Francisco and lived there until she was ten years old. She had memories of the city—memories of gray fog drifting high above the golden roofs of Chinatown, of the terraced gardens on Russian Hill, of May Day in Golden Gate Park, of flower stands and cable cars. But this was more than a homecoming. It was the beginning of a great adventure.

I had put the East behind me, and, accompanied by three suit cases, a folio of Gauguin prints, a wooden flute, and three books, I was going to make my home in San Francisco. I would learn to know San Francisco as I knew New

York—its streets, its monuments, its people.

Margaret Parton had two shining years in San Francisco before the death of her father called her back to New York. She lived in a "gingerbread Versailles" precariously perched on the slopes of Telegraph Hill. A strange procession of amazing persons visited Miss Parton's "raffishly charming" abode. They were characters who possessed the mad gayety of Lewis Carroll's Wonderland creatures and the whimsical and reprehensible irresponsibility and instability of John Steinbeck's *paisanos*. The delineation of these characters may be explained by the author's confession that soon after she arrived in San Francisco she "began to feel the first touches of Alice in Wonderland fever, a mild and pleasant malady which lasted throughout my two years in the West." She admits, too, that imperceptibly she "had grown used to the exaggeration which characterized California conversation."

Miss Parton had many unusual and exciting experiences before she was "trapped once more in the East." *Laughter on the Hill*, a first novel, relates those events with warmth, humor, and nostalgic clarity. Miss Parton is an able reporter and a skillful story-teller.

Margaret Parton is the daughter of the late Lemuel Parton, former city editor of the *San Francisco Bulletin* and author of the syndicated column "Who's News Today," and of Mary Field Parton, reporter and author. She has worked on the *New Yorker* staff and is at present a reporter for the *New York Herald Tribune*.

Ludwig Again

THE MORAL CONQUEST OF GERMANY. By Emil Ludwig. Doubleday, Doran and Co., New York. 1945. 183 pages. $2.00.

GERMANY'S foremost modern interpreter of the German mind searches the gloomy corridors of the Teutonic character and on the basis of what he finds there builds the answer to the question "What shall we do with Germany?" He begins with the proper premise that military conquest isn't enough. It wasn't enough the last time. To deal with them effectively, one must understand their character. Mr. Ludwig analyzes German character and finds two conflicting dominant traits, a lust for power and an overwhelming lack of self-assurance. He illustrates these through eight brief sketches of Goethe and Beethoven, Bismarck and William II, Nietzsche and Wagner, Hindenburg and Hitler. He traces their development positively in a chapter on the kings and Junkers, and negatively in the spiritual impotence of the intelligentsia and universities. He concludes this section with an analysis of anti-Semitism.

In the second part of his book the author dwells at length upon the mistakes made after World War I. These mistakes in handling the Germans doomed the Weimar republic to certain failure. They must not be repeated. To avoid them he outlines fifteen points for our occupation forces; he advocates the stern punishment of all war criminals in liberated countries, complete disarmament, a

lengthy government by Allied control commissions, and the restriction for a decade of all German travelling within the borders of the Reich. Germany should be divided into three parts, a "Prussian Republic," Austria, and a German Federation of all other provinces. There should be no reparations to other countries, but a drastic control of all industry, individual reparations to Jews and Jewish congregations, and a thorough change of national symbols from military heroes to those who contributed to the pursuits of peace. A special chapter is devoted to the manner of educating a new German generation. All this will accomplish the moral conquest that will secure the military conquest.

There is no doubt that Ludwig has astutely analyzed German character and that he successfully emphasizes the enormous task now confronting the victorious allies. But we cannot help but feel that the true moral conquest of Germany lies exactly in that direction where the moral conquest of all nations is to be found—in the regenerating power of the Gospel. That, of course, is the chief defect of this book, but it will do many a service if it leads them to consider what hasn't been said as well as what has. Incidentally, we found the author's frequent reference to his own books rather obnoxious.

Reconstruction and Reform

THE ECONOMICS OF PEACE. By Kenneth E. Boulding. Prentice-Hall, Inc., New York. 1945. 278 pages. $3.75.

KENNETH BOULDING'S latest book is an effort to present the economic factors which must be taken into account as we enter into the post-war era. Consequently he divides his subject into two parts: (1) The Economics of Reconstruction; and (2) The Economics of Reform. Each section is prefaced with a fine introductory chapter intended primarily for novices in this field. In his first section the author outlines the steps which must be taken to turn our tremendous production from war to peace, as well as the various hindrances that prevent Europe from establishing their own economy. In the latter part of the book he treats such subjects as unemployment, full employment, international trade, and the various economic illusions and weakness of the left and right-wing courses.

He concludes his review with an acknowledgment that politics and morals have a great deal of influence in the manner in which these economic principles will be used, compromised and hindered. And that one factor in itself has the power to negate many of his premises. Human greed and selfishness will still prevent the fulfillment of his introductory prophecy, "A world without poverty and without war is technically possible." We remember a much more realistic treatment of this problem: "The poor ye have always with you."

The jacket proclaims "Mr. Boulding writes for the concerned but non-professional reader." It is true that his language is clear and simple. He goes to great pains to clarify every technical term. His paragraphing is

orderly and well arranged and each chapter is divided by subtitles.

An index is appended for easy reference. Nevertheless, this non-professional reviewer feels that Mr. Boulding would have increased the readability of his book materially if he had used drawings to illustrate many of his statements. For while "The Economics of Peace" will remain primarily a text and an attraction for those whose field is economics, his thoughtful treatise deserves a wider public.

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A BRIEF GLANCE AT  RECENT PUBLICATIONS

A SURVEY OF BOOKS

MY RIVAL, THE SKY

By Margo Kurtz. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. 1945. 218 pages. $2.50.

THIS is the simple, forthright, and heart-warming story of two fine young Americans. Colonel Frank Kurtz, famous combat pilot and co-author with William L. White of the dramatic and exciting book *Queens Die Proudly,* has been an aviation enthusiast since he was fourteen. He had had seven years of flying experience when he entered an aviation class at Randolph Field, Texas, on July 1, 1937. In October, 1941, Lieutenant Kurtz was ordered to the Philippines. He was at Clark Field when Japan struck on December 7. The adventures of Lieutenant Kurtz and the Flying Fortress, "Alexander the Swoose," made headline news in the months that followed—in the Philippines, in Java, and in Australia. Then Captain Kurtz came home for special training for action in the European war theatre. He wore the silver eagles of a colonel when his new Fortress, "Swoose the Second," headed into the dark skies on the first lap of her journey to Europe.

Margo Kurtz's interest in aviation began on a day in 1934 when a slim, serious, hard-working senior at the University of Southern California quietly announced, "Margo, I'm going to teach you to fly." Margo learned to fly. That was not too difficult. She learned, too, to watch and wait and work, to be cheerful, courageous, and unwaveringly hopeful.

FOOD FOR THE WORLD

Edited by Theodore W. Schultz. University of Chicago Press, Chicago. 1945. 353 pages. $3.75.

EVERYONE is talking about food in these days of rationing; but few know how to solve the thorny problems food has thrown into the lap of this war-scarred world. The highly instructive book compiled by Theodore W. Schultz undertakes to answer many of the basic questions pertaining to food, its production, and its distribution. Twenty-two experts in economics, nutrition, population,

and agriculture have contributed studies to the volume. It will prove to be fascinating reading for those who ask whether the United States, with its vast resources and its well-known resourcefulness, will be able to produce more food than its own people need, whether the U.S.S.R. will be able to feed its millions of hungry mouths, whether there can be an improvement in the food situation in India, how the world must strive to combat poverty as a cause of malnutrition, how men, women, and children can be educated to choose adequate diets, and many other pertinent questions pertaining to food.

AGE OF THUNDER

By Frederic Prokosch. Harper & Brothers, New York and London. 1945. 311 pages. $2.50.

THE author of *The Seven Who Fled* and *The Asiatics* has painted many fascinating sketches in his latest novel, and he has shown once again that he strives ever so hard to be a master of words; but the story woven into *Age of Thunder* is disjointed and insubstantial from beginning to end, and there is far more emphasis on superfine writing than on coherence. A patriot on a mission of some kind to the underground in occupied France parachutes from a plane to French soil and then makes his way by night to the Swiss border. He has a varied assortment of companions. Some of his experiences are harrowing, some are intensely gratifying. The author has etched some of the characters with a deft hand; but the tale fails dismally because it leaves the reader dangling in mid-air. One closes the book with the question, "What is it all about?"

FRANCESCA CABRINI

By Lucille Papin Borden. The Macmillan Company, New York. 1945. 395 pages. $2.75.

IN this book we have the biography of Sister Francesca Cabrini who in 1938 was beatified by the Roman Church. Since much of Francesca Cabrini's work was done in the United States, Lucille Borden refers to her as "our first canonized American saint."

Francesca Cabrini was born in Italy. Her abnormal religious devotion which she displayed already in childhood led her into the active service of the Church of Rome. She founded the order of the Missionary Sisters of the Sacred Heart and was extremely active during the sixty-seven years of her earthly pilgrimage in founding schools, colleges, and orphanages. Her work took her to France, England, Spain, the United States, Central and South America, as well as Italy.

Protestant readers will find the biography particularly offensive. It carries the *Nihil Obstat* and *Imprimatur* of two prominent Roman Catholic clergymen. The book is dedicated to him "Who Ever Holds The Chair Of Simon Peter, Our Holy Father, The Pope." The author speaks of the "miracles authenticated and proclaimed by cautious Mother Church." The legend of Veronica's towel is presented as historical fact. Non-Ro-

man clergymen are arrogantly referred to as not being "real pastors," as men who do not want "to unite themselves under the banner of Truth." Protestants are considered the victims of ignorance and in some cases invincible ignorance.

The author's catalog of the numerous miracles associated with Sister Cabrini and which were a factor in her beatification test the reader's credulity.

THE SMALL HOME OF TOMORROW

By Paul Williams, A. I. A. Murray and Gee, Hollywood. 1945. 95 pages. $2.00.

IF you intend to build a home after the "duration," buy this book.

Author Williams is an internationally known architect, having designed over 2,000 homes in Southern California, and in various sections of the United States, Mexico, and South America.

In *The Small Home of Tomorrow* he presents forty floor plans and elevations of small homes ranging from $3,000 to $10,000 in price. The drawings include all types of small homes from the exotic *Neutra Home* to the more commonplace *Contemporary Number Six.*

The three page introduction and the two page conclusion are worth more to the prospective home builder than the price of this paper-bound book. In those sections the author discusses financing a home, selecting the site, the nine commandments of home building, the use of plastics, color in decoration, air-conditioning, practical kitchens, and the relative cost of labor, building, and land in building a home.

PLEASANT VALLEY

By Louis Bromfield. Harper and Brothers, New York. 1945. 302 pages. $3.00.

This book is a personal testament written out of a lifetime who believes that agriculture is the keystone of our economic structure and that wealth, welfare, property and even the future freedom of this nation are based upon the soil.

WITH this introduction Bromfield begins the romantic story of his return to the hill country of Ohio and his attempt to build up four run-down farms.

Bromfield is entertaining. He tells the story of Johnny Appleseed, of Walter Oakes, who came to identify his ninety acres with his dead wife; of Phoebe Wise, who killed a suitor by firing through a door; of Ceely Rose, whose frustrated love caused her to murder her whole family; and Blondy the black Angus bull; and of Haile Selassie the Caracul ram.

However, the book is much more than a collection of rural legends and interesting observations on livestock. Bromfield is a zealot, a crusader, an impassioned preacher with a message of paramount importance for all who are interested in American agriculture. He believes that American farms are being systematically despoiled by unintelligent and short-sighted methods of farming.

His elaborate analysis of the defects of our past approach to farming is sound, but the remedy which Bromfield advocates and which he used in rehabilitating his four farms is so costly that only men of great wealth can afford to use it.

Farmers will read this book with profit and pleasure; city dwellers whose roots are rural will heighten their nostalgia for the simple country life by reading *Pleasant Valley.*

CITY DEVELOPMENT

By Lewis Mumford. Harcourt, Brace and Company, New York. 1945. 240 pages. $2.00.

In this little book Lewis Mumford, a leader in city planning for almost twenty-five years, has gathered his most important essays on city development. The essays span the period between 1922 and 1945.

The essays on *The City, The Metropolitan Milieu,* and *The Social Foundations of Post-War Building* are outstanding. The essays entitled *Report on Honolulu* and *The Plan of London* are naturally more restricted in their appeal.

We may not always agree with Mr. Mumford, but his indictments and analyses of certain aspects of contemporary civilization force us to pause for thought. Some of his more thought-provoking statements follow:

> Today more than one-half the population of the United States lives in an environment which the jerry-builder, the real estate speculator, the paving contractor, and the industrialist have largely created. Have we begotten a civilization?

Chamber of Commerce promoters should enjoy this excerpt:

> The silly game of counting heads became the fashion, and in the literature of the thirties one discovers that every commercial city had its statistical lawyer who was bold enough to predict its leadership in "population and wealth" before the century was out. The chief boast of the American city was its size.

Few escape Mumford's barbs:

> So every profession has its racket; every man his price. The tonsil snatcher and the ambulance chaser and the insurance fixer and the testimonial writer have their counterparts in the higher reaches of the professions. The more universal forms of dishonor become honorable, and graft and shakedowns, like the private toll exacted for automobile and marriage licenses, become so common they even escape notice.

City Development is a worthy successor to the author's *Condition of Man* and *Culture of Cities.*

Verse

Beneath the Cloud

Hands outstretched in blessing,
All their fears redressing,
God incarnate left them
For eternal bliss.

Anxious eyes beholding,
Sorrow deep enfolding,
Then the cloud obscured Him
From their mourning sight.

Though they were in sadness,
His love brought them gladness,
Lifted and upheld them
For the years to come.

Lifted hands in healing,
Health once more, and feeling,
Power to raise the stricken,
Now theirs to dispense.

Grace divine and sureness,
Love and peace, and pureness
Are the gifts still sent us,
Those who thought He'd gone.

—Janice Pries

My Gain

Last night I walked with sorrow,
Suspense, anxiety
And grief a black-grey shadow
Spread its wings over me.

I find that from these shadows
After the sun breaks through,
I've learned to face life braver
And stronger my faith grew.

—Bess Mae Sheets

The Great Friend

I brought my joys to earthly friends
Who shared my happy days,
Now pain and grief have come to me,
I walk life's troubled ways
Feeling the need of that Great Friend
Who once this same road trod.
So . . . in this crisis hour I bring
My broken heart to God.

—Olive Weaver Ridenour

Broken Blossoms

Dead butterflies and shattering petals tell
Of transiency brief beauty must endure—
Frail, crumpled forms in memory only dwell—
Yet, I am thankful for my fleeting hour
To Him whose restless clock all ills can cure—
To Him who gave one heart-beat for a flower
To bring its gift of beauty to that Spring
When Bobbie Burns of "Bonnie Brae" and "Ivy Bower,"
Could see its face and have a song to sing.

I'm glad that I have lived this brief, dear while—
For transient tenure of this "house of time"—
For trailing rose vines and the friendly smile
Of flowers now woven into fadeless rhyme—
For trees—that stricken, come to leaf no more,
But live in splendor—yes, and live for aye
Because they grew beside a cottage door
Where Joyce Kilmer chanced to walk one day.

—George Rossman

Pennsylvania Heritage

Hungry for land and peace we settled here,
A German brood at home on limestone soil;
With thanks to God for His good gifts of grace,
We lived the ritual hours of daily toil.

We cleared this land, built barns, sowed seed in spring.
Beneath the sighing pines white houses gleamed,
Our cloistered manors clasp the sheltered hills,
For Christ had touched the hearts of men redeemed.

In counties north and south of Mason's line
Our well-fed barns mark miles of fertile glade
And groves of cypress trees on winter hills,
Defend the graves where forebears' bones are laid.

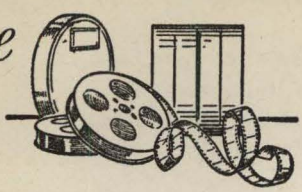
Blue hickory smoke seeps languorously through hams
And wanders off to meet December haze,
Sleek, placid hounds that gnaw at last month's bone
Remember well November butchering days.

Joyous the robin's song, greeting the sun;
Pungent the wit of neighbor, cider-brewed;
Ghostly the midnight wand'ring old Orion,
Holy the Sabbath morn for soul's renewing.

Remember well, my lad, the clover fields,
The twilight mist and fireflies' sudden glow;
Remember well, before the power-dive scream,
Laughter in sugar groves when March winds blow.

Weep on and on, gray thawing skies of spring,
December hoarfrost needs your ready tears,
Erase the stones upon our fathers' graves;
Your work is almost done these hundred years.

—M. W. Boyer

The  *Motion Picture*

THE CRESSET *evaluates one of the world's most powerful forces*

REPORTS coming to us from San Francisco reveal that motion pictures were popular with the foreign delegations assembled there for the United Nations Conference. The old Alcazar Theater, with a seating capacity of 1,100, was reopened and renamed the United Nations Theater. Here pictures supplied by film producers of the United States, Mexico, South America, the U.S.S.R., Britain, and France were shown to overflow audiences. The Franciscan Room of the Sir Francis Drake Hotel was converted into a Conference theater and was devoted to the exhibition of news reels and documentary films. Admission to both theaters was free and was restricted to those who held Conference credentials and to their special guests. One need only consider the unique character of the audiences assembled in these special theaters to realize that here we had an unprecedented opportunity for an interchange of ideas, not only with our near neighbors but with men and women from every part of the world. It would be interesting to know just what was shown to these visitors, and it would be valuable to be able to examine audience reactions to the pictures exhibited. For my part I fervently hope that our own producers put their best foot forward, as it were, and displayed films which portrayed America as it *is*, not after the manner of Hollywood. I hope, too, that the utmost care was used in showing pictures which deal with the history of other nations. To mention a case in point, I feel sure that Russian delegates would have been puzzled by, and resentful of, *A Royal Scandal* (20th Century-Fox, Ernst Lubisch). This vulgar, tawdry play is based on the life of Catherine the Great. It isn't history, and it isn't a good film.

A number of shining examples of what America is *not* like are on display in our theaters. Yes, we

do go in for hero worship; but is it the thoroughly asinine brand of hero worship which is the basis of *Practically Yours* (Paramount)? We have had many bona fide heroes return from combat in recent months. Do you know of even one who resembled the smug, self-satisfied clothes horse portrayed by Fred MacMurray? Doesn't the record of the United States Navy deserve a better representative than the insipid stuffed shirt who appears in the uniform of a high-ranking naval officer? There is a feeble attempt to debunk hero worship; but it is smothered by too much prettiness.

Another service picture which misfires completely is *Keep Your Powder Dry* (M-G-M, Edward Buzzell). This is labeled as a tribute to the WAC. I should say that it comes nearer to being a libel on that fine corps.

In many respects *Counter Attack* (Columbia, Zoltan Korda) is an exciting picture. The plot is intriguing even though it has many aspects which do not seem plausible. A fine cast performs with notable success. The direction and the photography are outstanding.

Let us continue with the war pictures. *This Man's Navy* (M-G-M) and *Bring on the Girls* (Paramount, Sidney Lanfield) are undistinguished, run-of-the-mill releases. The technicolor film *Son of Lassie* (M-G-M) is as full of thrills as an old-time blood-and-thunder melodrama. Laddie—who appeared as Lassie in *Lassie Comes Home*—goes to war with his young master and shares with him a series of exciting adventures.

I suppose *The Enchanted Cottage* (RKO-Radio, John Cromwell) must be classed with the war pictures. This is the second time Sir Arthur Wing Pinero's famous play has been brought to the screen. There are some minor changes in this production. The locale has been changed from England to the United States, and the time is the present. The theme of Sir Arthur's tender fantasy of the power of love remains unchanged. It is a difficult theme, and it makes heavy demands on the actors and the director. In spite of Mr. Cromwell's sensitive direction and in spite of commendably restrained acting by an excellent cast, the picture is a bit mawkish and more than a little gooey.

God Is My Co-pilot (Warners, Robert Florey) is an adaptation of Colonel Robert Lee Scott's best seller of 1943. Unfortunately, Colonel Scott's fine war document has been distorted and cheapened by Hollywood's regrettable, and apparently incurable, tendency to paint the lily. The simplicity and the dignity of an absorbing book are lost in an avalanche of words and impossible situations.

To the Shores of Iwo Jima (Army, Navy, Marine, and Coast Guard Pictorial Services) is a spectacular and completely factual record of the battle for Iwo Jima. The conquest of this small spot in the Pacific was achieved at fearful cost. Four thousand Americans died in ten days of fighting. Many, many more were wounded. We have had the casualty lists, and we have wept and mourned for those who suffered and died to give us one more toehold on the way to the Japanese homeland. But we must *see* and *hear* what happened on Iwo Jima to have a full appreciation of the magnificent courage of our fighting men. In this war, for the first time in history, through the medium of the motion picture those of us who remain at home can see and hear and feel something of the horror, the tragedy, and the appalling wastefulness of war. What will be the result? Will we sink back into a weak acceptance of the inevitability of war? Or, at long last, will we begin to fight this scourge with the determination and the hopefulness which enabled us to conquer or control other loathsome and blighting diseases?

The superb artistry of Ethel Barrymore kept Emlyn Williams' anemic play *The Corn Is Green* on Broadway for an entire season and on the road for a long and successful tour. Although Bette Davis' enactment of the same role in Warner Bros.' screen version of Mr. Williams' play cannot match that of Miss Barrymore, it is nevertheless one of the finest performances of her career. It will be interesting to see whether or not Miss Davis' popularity will make *The Corn Is Green* a box-office success. It's still an anemic play.

Without Love (M-G-M) is sure to do well at the box office because two bright stars—Spencer Tracy and Katharine Hepburn—head its splendid cast. Judged entirely on its merits, it would not fare too well. The theme is shopworn, the plot is thin, and the dialogue lacks originality.

Pillow to Post has even less to recommend it to discriminating movie-goers. Chewed-over corn, stale wise-cracks, and what is euphemistically called wit combine to make this a dreary mess.

The Affairs of Susan (Paramount) is even worse than *Pillow to Post*. In it Joan Fontaine really hits a new, all-time low.

Roughly Speaking (Warners, Michael Curtiz) lacks the punch, the dash, and the fresh, engaging humor which made Louise Randall Pierson's autobiography a best seller in 1943. It is, however, an amusing and entertaining film—a welcome departure from the stereotyped cinema formula.

Billy Rose's Diamond Horse-

shoe (20th Century-Fox) has a lot of things, including Betty Grable. It's long, big, garish, overelaborate, and more than little boring. Phil Silvers must have a gift for mind reading. At one point he wonders "just *why* the show must go on." So, I am sure, does the audience.

It seems unfortunate that Sonja Henie is not given screen vehicles worthy of her peerless ice wizardry. At best Miss Henie is only a moderately good actress, and the tedious plot concocted for *It's a Pleasure* (International Pictures) would have defeated even a good actress.

Salty O'Rourke (Paramount) is a rough, tough picture in which horses, gamblers and gangsters are involved in a series of unpleasant adventures. Keep your fingers crossed and hope hard that this is not the beginning of another gangster cycle.

Black Bear, Suddenly

Ursus, I came upon you standing
Where a woods-trail sought the gleaming peak.
In that brief interim before you turned
To shuffle off into the gorge I saw
Two torches burning in your gimlet eyes—
Torches of fear, of scorn, and by their light
I glimpsed dark iron-and-concrete prison cells,
Saw noisome bear pits, saw the torturous baiting,
Saw unnumbered thick furs bullet-ridden,
Saw the ambushed archer's flying arrows,
Saw the savage harry you with clubs. . . .

Had we not met so sudden, Ursus,
On amber edge of morning, perhaps both you
And I, who never aimed to injure any wildling
Of your lengthy lineage, might have been friends.

—Roland Ryder-Smith

The Editor's Lamp

PROBLEMS
CONTRIBUTORS
FINAL NOTES

DR. PAUL M. BRETSCHER, author of this month's major article, *Faith in Education,* is one of the foremost American Lutheran educators. He is professor of Philosophy at Concordia Seminary, St. Louis; previously he had taught at Concordia Teachers College, River Forest, Ill. Dr. Bretscher has been a CRESSET associate since 1941, and has contributed many important articles to these pages.

Our circulation manager drops in to remind us that a word may be in season with regard to the opening of the fall term in our universities, colleges, and high schools. The point, obviously, is that THE CRESSET would be a timely gift for the student. In several college English classes, THE CRESSET is on the required reading list.

Guest reviewers in this issue include Jessie Swanson *(The Ballad and the Source* and *Wild Orchard);* Janet Steben Barth *(Pride's Way);* and Herbert H. Umbach *(Movie Lot to Beachhead* and *Commodore Hornblower).* All are of the Valparaiso University staff.

Our pages this month contain a pleasing variety of verse. Poets who are represented in this issue include Helen Myrtis Lange, Janice Pries, Roland Ryder-Smith, M. W. Boyer, George Rossmann, Bess Mae Sheets, and Olive Weaver Ridenour.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